

Children's Newspaper, January 25, 1930

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 566

Week Ending
JANUARY 25, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE ONLY WHITE BOY FOR 500 MILES

See
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A FLYING MAN'S FEAT

SAVING A LIFE IN WEST AFRICA

The Great Adventure in Search of Pasteur's Serum

CARRYING A PLANE IN PIECES

A remarkable story of an airman's feat has found its way into the cabled news from South Africa.

At Malange, in the north-central part of Angola, the Portuguese West African possession, Mrs. Wengatz, who has made herself universally respected by her work as a missionary, has had a terrible experience leading to a splendid flight by a South African airman.

At midday, when the main street was well filled, a mad dog came down the roadway frenziedly snapping right and left. The panic-stricken natives rushed indoors. Then down the street came Mrs. Wengatz wondering at its emptiness. Before she could be warned the dog had sprung at her and had bitten her arm. At once the people rallied and the dog was quickly put out of its misery.

Lone Flight of 6000 Miles

Safety for the missionary could only be found in an injection of Pasteur's serum against hydrophobia, and the nearest place where the serum could be obtained was Cape Town, 1500 miles away.

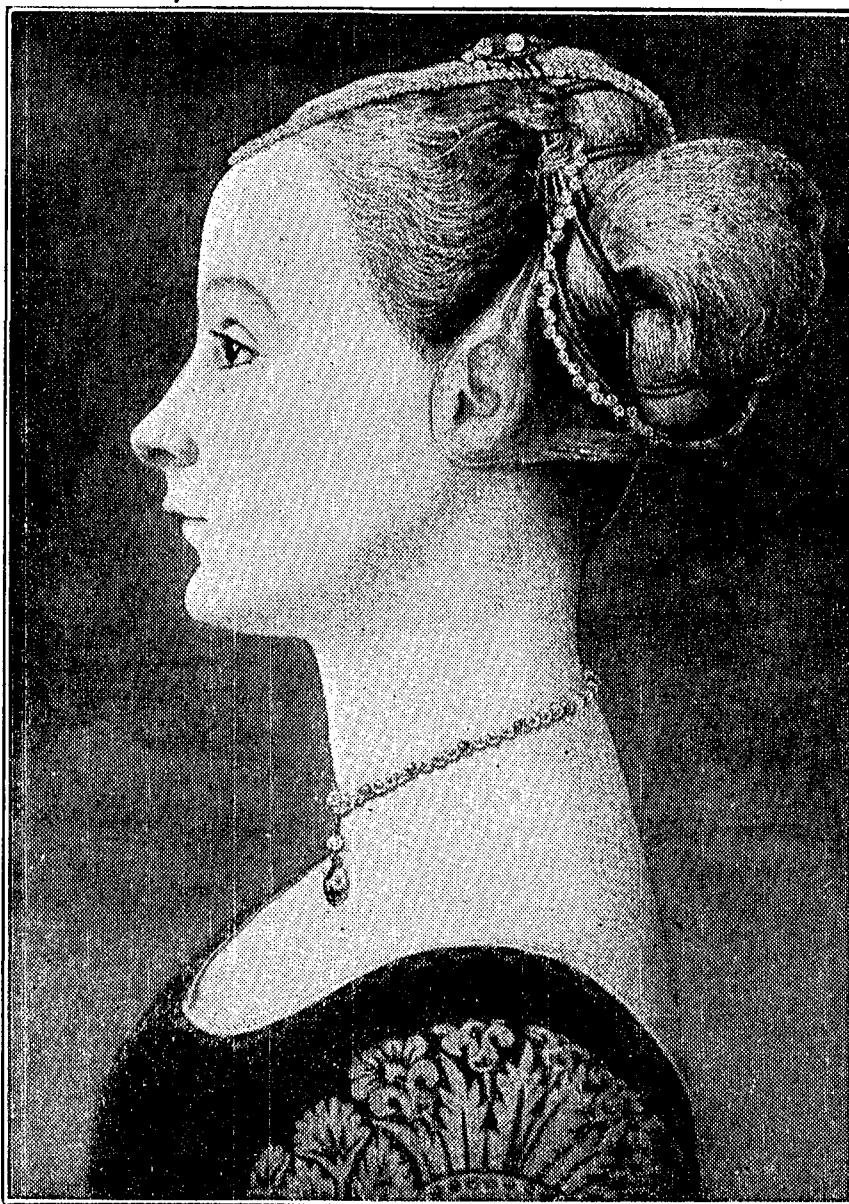
A message from Malange to Loanda was cabled to the Bishop of the American Episcopal Church at Cape Town, and the serum was obtained at the Government Bacteriological Bureau there and was quickly despatched by train to the Baragwanath aerodrome outside Johannesburg, 1000 miles away. There the precious serum was confided to Lieutenant Rodwell King to carry it in his Moth plane, first across South-West Africa to Windhoek and then northward to Loango, 250 miles from Malange. In all, there and back, this would involve a lonely journey of nearly 6000 miles.

In Peril by Night

The journey was accomplished, and Lieutenant King returned safely to Johannesburg. The gallant airman had surmounted many dangers. The worst was when he was over dense forest land in the northern part of South-West Africa. Night was coming on; he was short of petrol; and he was bound to land. He found a little piece of sandy ground on the bank of a river and managed to come down on it uninjured, but it was so small that he could not get run enough to rise, and he had to take his machine to pieces and have it carried for fourteen miles along narrow forest footpaths before he could find sufficient good ground for a start.

All mankind who hear of it will wish for the missionary lady safety from danger, and will honour the airman who did such a splendid thing for such a fine purpose.

Come to the Pictures



We are all going to the pictures now, if we have the good fortune to live in London, for the Italian Exhibition is drawing all picture-lovers unto it. This picture, attributed to Pollaiuolo, is one of the dominating portraits at Burlington House. See page 9

LESS BEER IS GOOD FOR US

Bright Lives Need No Alcohol

THE great reduction in the sale of beer since the war and the changed habits of the people have affected a tremendous social revolution.

Only sixteen years ago there were no fewer than 188,877 convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales; in 1928 there were only 55,642, a reduction of 70 per cent. There is reason to believe that in 1929 there was a further decline.

This has also meant a great saving in lives, for the known deaths from alcohol were 3400 fewer in 1928 than in 1913.

When we come to look at the reason for this much happier state of affairs we find that between 1913 and 1928 there was a reduction of over 40 per cent in the drinking of beer and of nearly 60 per cent in the consumption of spirits. There is no doubt that the new generation is much more temperate than the old.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Anson, who was for 42 years Chief Constable of Staffordshire, gives it as his opinion that the decrease in drunkenness is due to the changed habits—changed by a vast improvement of a younger generation. "The drinkers of an elder generation are dying off, and it seems unlikely that they will be replaced," is the verdict of this Staffordshire authority.

We notice that, alarmed by the decrease in the drinking of beer, a number of brewers are urging the public to drink. We do not think they will succeed. For years past whisky has been extravagantly advertised on the hoardings and in the newspapers, yet the consumption of whisky has fallen and fallen again, and it is good for the country that this reduction in the drinking of spirits should continue.

VERY LIKE THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT

The Right Man Listens at the Right Moment

HOW A SHIP WAS SAVED

By their snug firesides the wireless listeners heard, not long ago, through the winter gale, the S.O.S. call of a ship in distress off the Welsh coast.

To this strange and moving occurrence a stranger event has to be added. An S.O.S. call from a Russian ship, storm-tossed in the Channel, escaped notice by the official wireless stations and was heard by a private listener on his set at Weybridge.

That is only one remarkable incident in the story. The wind had blown down the aerial from a fir tree in his garden. He might have left it down, but he climbed the tree to fix it. That night, therefore, he was able to resume a particular pastime of his own, which was to listen to the ships in the Channel.

He tuned to 600 metres to catch them. If the B.B.C. programme had interested him he would not have been listening to the ships. As it was, he presently caught an S.O.S. call, and to his astonishment realised that it was not being answered.

Then he heard in rather odd English: "Please everybody come and help."

Acting Quickly

What a strange situation! One man in England, sitting in an armchair by the fire, the only person to hear this cry of distress. But this man, Mr. Cyril Baron, besides having been a wireless operator, was also a man of swift decision. He went to his telephone and got on to the North Foreland radio station with his news.

The radio station had not heard because the messages were being jammed. The chief operator secured quiet by wirelessing other ships, and got into touch with the Russian ship.

Mr. Baron could hear all that and presently he was also able to hear that tugs were being sent to the ship's aid.

Then this capable man was assured that his intervention had saved a ship, and a quarter of an hour afterwards his wireless aerial was blown down.

If this was not the hand of Providence, guiding the effort of man, we should be hard put to it to find any other words in which to describe it.

CIVILISATION REACHES PANGANI FALLS

A new explorer is following in the steps of Speke and Livingstone and Stanley in Central Africa. It is electricity.

It has got as far in Tanganyika Territory as the Great Pangani Falls. It is stretching out its wiry arms to grip the Falls and make them light the province of Tanga.

HOME OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Delegates of Five Nations in Queen Anne's Drawing-Room

WHERE CHARLES STUART LAST SLEPT

At St. James's Palace the representatives of the Five Great Powers whose navies cover the seas have met to frame an agreement which it is hoped will help to bring law and order and peace to the world.

The delegates sit in Queen Anne's Drawing-Room. Before her day, and since, emissaries of other nations have come as Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's. The King's Court is no longer resident there, but the name remains. If all goes well, if all or even some of the hopes resting on the Five Power Naval Conference are realised, these latest Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's may find a place in history more notable than that of any of their predecessors.

Previous Conferences

At St. James's Palace the European Powers have met before. They assembled to talk of the Peace of Europe in 1814, when peace seemed in sight, but Napoleon was even then meditating a return from Elba. It was only a broken peace that then emanated from the Council Room.

Nearly a hundred years went by before St. James's Palace again became the home of peacemakers. Peace was arranged there between Turkey and the Balkans after the war in 1912. More satisfactory than either of these attempts was the Meeting of the League of Nations Council here in 1920 and the arrival at St. James's in 1921 of the German delegates to the European Peace Conference.

Each peace meeting has been an advance on the last in accomplishment. We may hope, we must believe, that the men who now sit in that old drawing room of Queen Anne, with the memories and portraits of English kings and queens about them, will make a good peace and reach an agreement which will make the winter of 1930 appear glorious summer.

Bluebeard's Initials

Memories splendid and tragic hang about the majestic room. Over the mantelpiece is a monogram H. & A. entwined in a lover's knot. The initials are those of Henry the Eighth, who built St. James's Palace of Tudor brick, and Anne Boleyn, with whom he lived there; and from here this Bluebeard sent her to her death on Tower Green. Down the great staircase stepped Charles the First on the last morning of his life, when he went along the frosty Mall to the scaffold in Whitehall.

When the Spanish Armada threatened England Elizabeth held Council here with Drake and her admirals, and in the Council Chamber the Roman Catholic peers came in this emergency to offer her allegiance and all the help that they could give to defend the shores of England with ships and men.

That was in its day the greatest naval conference in England's history. Out from it went messages of war and destruction. From St. James's Palace in our day, the hope of the world is that from the thirty delegates of the United States, Japan, France, Italy, and Great Britain will go a message of disarmament and a sinking, not of ships, but of differences.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ahasuerus	A-has-u-ee-rus
Baldovinetti	Bahl-do-vee-net-tee
Ghirlandaio	Geer-lahn-dah-yo
Kobuk	Ko-book
Pollaiuolo	Pol-lah-u-o-lo
Ruapehu	Roo-ah-pay-hoo

RESCUING THE COUNTRYSIDE

THE HAND OF THE VANDAL

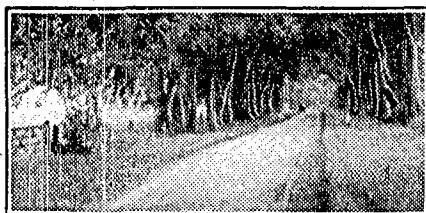
Great Advertisers Beginning to Come Into Line

RUINING A KENT VALLEY

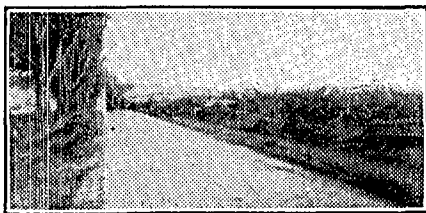
The crusade to save the countryside from the hand of the spoiler, which has just been the subject of a Conference at Oxford, is stirring public and private bodies to action in all parts of the country.

It is clear that the great advertisers are at last being moved to see the folly of the growing habit of vulgarising our roads and lanes with hideous hoardings and ugly posters. Everybody will rejoice if this movement becomes general, for the ugly advertiser is the worst of all offenders.

It is fair to say that some leading advertisers have for years past withdrawn offending advertisements from



A country road as it was



The same road now

the roads in response to public opinion. The Shell Petrol Company has in six years taken down or cancelled about 18,000 signs. The Dunlop Rubber Company, which at the same time decided to withdraw its signboards, has stopped about 6000. These two firms have therefore in six years removed offences from the countryside at the rate of 80 every week.

Now the firm of J. C. Eno, whose advertisements are among the most attractive in the papers, has decided to remove any outdoor posters or signs that spoil the surroundings.

The Wrotham Road Atrocity

In My Magazine for February the Editor of the C.N. has an article on one of the worst examples of destruction now going on. The Editor takes the arterial road leading from London to Wrotham, which has in the last few years become, at Kingsdown near the Wrotham end, a hideous mass of shacks which the Daily Telegraph has lately illustrated as an example of desecration. A high official of the Southern Railway has described it as one of the worst examples within his knowledge, and Mr. Lansbury's attention has also been called to the matter by local residents, who suggest the setting apart of land for a model village in the beautiful Maplescombe Valley lying below Kingsdown.

What the Editor of the C.N. has called a Country Chamber of Horrors is illustrated in his article in My Magazine, where the destruction of an old farm is described, and the rising up in its place of an unsightly collection of buildings.

Ten years ago the Maplescombe Valley was one of the unspoiled country scenes within an hour of London, with two flourishing farms side by side. Today one of its farms has gone, and what can only be called the beginning of a slum is taking its place.

THE RUIN OF ENGLAND

A Crime at the Gate of Heaven

See My Magazine for February

DROP THEM IN THE BUS

The Litter Lout and His Ticket

ACTION BY THE LONDON GENERAL

We gave the other day a suggested solution of the bus ticket problem, urging a long slotted box for old tickets in the front of each seat.

We understand that the London General Omnibus Company consider that such a box has the drawback of tempting smokers to put into it cigarette ends and burning tobacco. We think the fear unreal, but it is one more witness to the price we pay for tolerating inconsiderate smokers.

The London General, however, is to try a further experiment in the hope of saving the streets from the litter of its tickets. It is to adopt a variant of the slogan the C.N. has pressed for years upon its readers:

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street

Drop it in the Bus

The official version of this now to be fixed in the London buses is:

TICKETS

Please leave your tickets on the bus and avoid littering the streets

It is satisfactory to see that the authorities are facing the question, and it is to be hoped that the public will respond to this further effort to save the streets from one of the most persistent forms of litter.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL IN A VILLAGE

A Fortune for the Beckers of Eich

In the little hamlet of Eich, not far from the Rhine at Cologne, an advertisement we sometimes see, "If relatives or descendants of the late Mr. So-and-So will apply to Messrs. This-and-That they will hear of something to their advantage," has come true.

In the eighteenth century, when Frederick the Great was still living, young Josef Becker left the village to emigrate to America. He made a fortune, and when he died left his money in trust for his relatives in Eich.

But they, unlucky people, were never to handle it. The money was not to be distributed till 100 years after his death. The century is now up, the money has increased to £800,000, and it will shortly be distributed among the Beckers of Eich to whom Josef's name was a legend.

A NEW ROOM AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Our Unrivalled Italian Collection

The nation owes another debt to one of its greatest patrons of art, as Prince George called Sir Joseph Duveen the other day.

Sir Joseph has enriched the National Gallery with a new room in which to house the immortal works of the Venetian and North Italy School, and the new wing is one of the best lighted and arranged art rooms in London. The lighting system has been arranged to minimise reflections in the glass.

The great consequence of Sir Joseph Duveen's gift is that the entire series of Italian paintings in the National Gallery is now worthily arranged, and in quality, style, period, variety, condition, and display our own national collection of Italian pictures is probably unrivalled in any gallery outside Italy.

HIGH AND LOW VOICES

What is Happening to Them?

Singing masters and professors of music are worried about the vocalists of tomorrow. They fear either that England is cultivating its upper register excessively or is being born without a lower one.

The trouble is that they cannot find genuine basses and contraltos among the young men and women who are now reaching the schools of music, the concert platform, and the operatic stage. The basses are really baritones and the contraltos simply mezzo-sopranos.

Who is to blame, Nature or those responsible for training young singers? Mr. George Dodd of Chester has been telling a congress of musical experts that the deep voices in both sexes are gone and that singing masters seek to train the voices of their pupils to still higher notes. Mr. Ernest Read of the Royal Academy of Music partly agrees.

An Interesting Theory

For the last four or five years he has had difficulty in finding basses and contraltos for the Academy choir. He, too, blames teachers to some extent for developing the upper notes at the expense of the lower, but he puts forward the interesting theory that the lack of deep voices may be due to such voices coming and going in cycles. Five years ago he heard a company of magnificent contraltos; since then he has experienced no repetition, but believes and hopes that in another few years' time we may have an equal harvest.

Country and climate seem to affect voices. Russia has long been famous for her magnificent basses. When the Lithuanian choir was in England a few years ago those of us who had not been in Russia realised a dream. Here were the tremendous sonorous basses of tradition, each man a melodious thunderstorm to himself. They actually imitated a thunderstorm; the basses were the thunder, and the building vibrated with their vocal profundities.

The Singer and His Master

If experts in voice culture sometimes adopt methods with which their critics find fault it does not follow that the untrained singer is always wiser than his master and better able to judge the natural compass of his voice. There have been famous vocalists who have begun their career with one voice and ended with another.

Sims Reeves, the greatest English tenor of grandfather's time, first made a reputation as a public singer of baritone songs. Then someone with a better ear than his own told him that the upper was his better register and trained him into a superlative tenor.

The famous Russian brothers, the de Reskes, both began as basses, for one of them to end his career as perhaps the finest tenor in the world before the rise of Caruso.

THINGS SAID

The slackening of discipline in home life appals me. Canon W. H. Elliott

My hope for 1930 is that we may all be as friendly to each other as during the war. Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert

What is interesting about each generation of men is the things they never thought of. Mr. G. K. Chesterton

Ugly advertisements are making a grimace of the countryside. Mr. Shaw Desmond

This is everybody's garden. Please treat it as if it was yours. A notice to Litter Louts

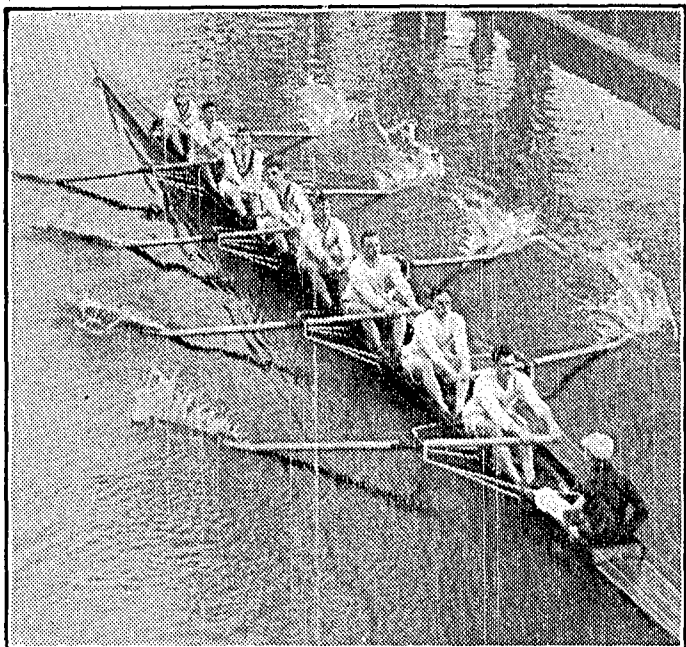
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Jesus

January 26, 1930

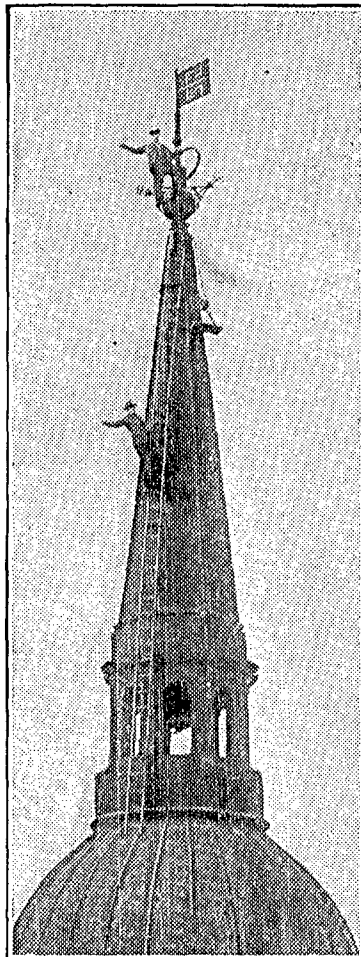
The Children's Newspaper

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BOAT RACE PREPARATIONS • THE GOLDEN KEY • EAGLE AT A LECTURE



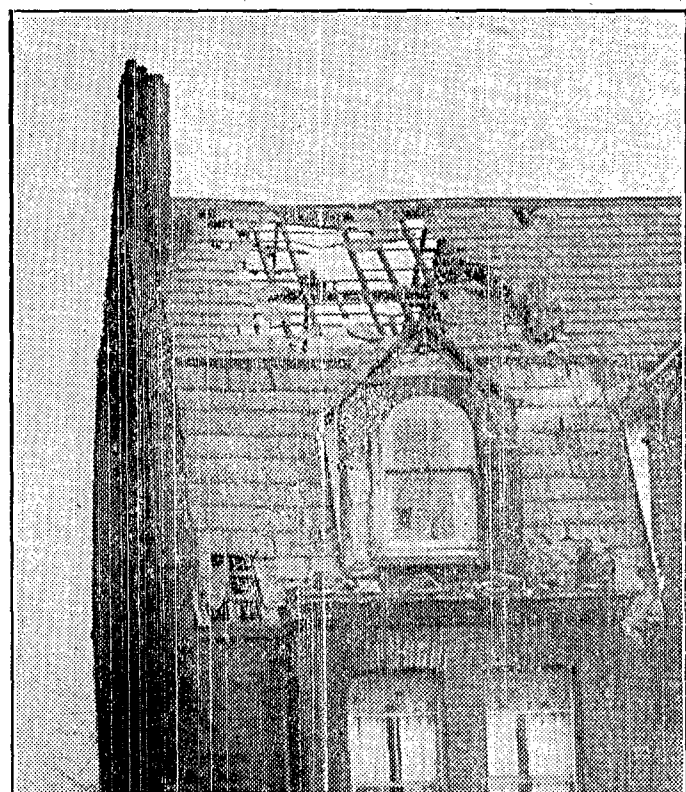
Boat Race Preparations—The Boat Race does not take place till April, but possible members of both Oxford and Cambridge crews are already in training. Here we see an eight on the Cam.



The Golden Key—These steeplejacks are removing the key from the spire of St. Peter's-on-Cornhill, London. The key, which weighs four hundred-weight, is to be regilded.



Steering by Pole—Great speeds are attained on some of the Alpine toboggan runs. This competitor in a luge race has a pole with which to steer round curves in the track.



In the Track of the Gale—The recent fierce gale that swept the country caused widespread havoc to houses. Countless roofs were damaged and some were badly wrecked by falling chimneys, as in this case at Walthamstow, London.



A Home in Alaska—Here we see Sidney Waldo Moore and one of the bird houses that he placed in a tree in Alaska. See page 7.



Proudly and Carefully—The two splendid horses seen here with their harness gaily decorated are taking part in a ploughing competition in Northumberland. Their names, Proudly and Carefully, seem appropriate.



Father and Son—Pat, the father of the baby lions born in the London Zoo, is here seen sharing the admiration of visitors for one of his cubs.

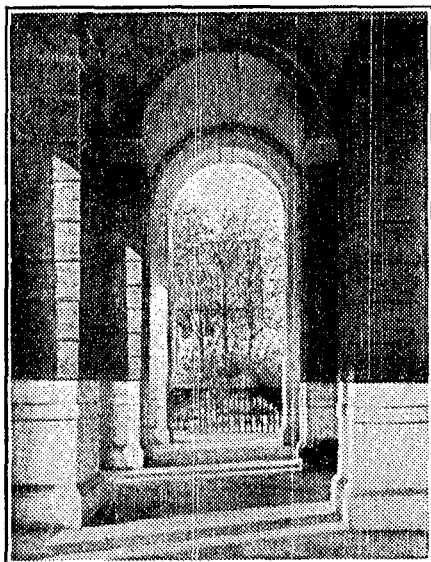


Eagle at a Lecture—In this picture Captain O. W. Knight is showing his pet eagle to schoolboys who attended his lecture on bird life before he sailed for America. See page 4.

THE MISTAKE ON TOWER HILL TO BE PUT RIGHT Prompt Action of the Underground Directors REMOVING AN UGLY PATCH

The Underground Railways have done a noble thing for which all London will be grateful to them.

We published some weeks ago a picture of the splendid colonnade of Sir Edwin Lutyens, set up on Tower Hill in memory of men of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets who fell in the war. It is one of the finest War Memorials in existence, but was spoiled by some oversight which it lay within the power of the Underground Railways to put right. The Directors of the Underground have made a response worthy of a great corporation, such a response as we should expect from the authority which, in the Underground H.Q. at Westminster, has furnished London with one of its most striking monuments.



How the ugly building will be hidden by trees

As the C.N. pointed out on November 9, the beautiful colonnade on Tower Hill, with its green lawn, the neighbouring trees, and the background of the Port of London Authority building, is one of the most impressive of all London memorials when viewed from without.

But the vista of the colonnade is closed by a building of the least distinguished kind of workaday architecture, on the roof of which appears in large letters the name and business of a worthy contractor.

For this did the men of the fishing fleets sweep the North Sea and the sailors of the Merchant Marine offer their lives?

The C.N. suggested that Lord Ashfield and the Directors of the Underground Railways might contrive something to correct this mistake and obliterate the prospect, the building being part of the property of their Mark Lane Station.

All's Well That Ends Well

The appeal has not been in vain. The Directors of the Railways write that they have pleasure in informing the C.N. that arrangements have been made to remove the offending advertisement from the roof of their property, and that they have, further, been in touch with the Commissioners of Crown Lands with a view to planting some trees on the adjoining property which would mask the offending building.

The Commissioners have advised the Railways that the responsible parties, the Trustees of the Tower Hill Trust, have considered the suggestion and are arranging for suitable trees to be planted in order to hide the building which has been the cause of complaint.

So all will be well, and the Memorial will be worthy of its cause, its designers, and, not least, of the Underground Railways which are themselves no small part of our Great City.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



An old lady at Lisbon has been a servant in one family for 68 years.

Nearly 70 mail bags were lost or stolen last year, but 40 millions were carried safely.

There are now two million dog licences in this country, and the fees amount to about £750,000.

Aberdeen's Fish

Aberdeen's white fish landings for 1929 were valued at £2,180,020 and weighed 112,826 tons.

A Pinnacle of York

A pinnacle weighing nearly a ton was blown off the top of York Minster during the first gale of the year.

Improving Parks

Mr. Lansbury has received £5000 "from one of London's kids" to help to make parks happier places for children.

Diamond Find in South Africa

A diamond worth £4100 has been found at the Remhoogte diggings in South Africa.

Buffaloes for Johannesburg Zoo

The Canadian Government has presented the Johannesburg Zoo with two buffalo heifers. The zoo already possesses two buffalo bulls.

In Memory of Botha

The equestrian statue of General Botha which is to be erected in Cape Town is almost finished. It is the work of Professor Romanelli, an Italian.

Lincoln's Chair

The chair in which Abraham Lincoln was sitting when he was shot has just been sold by auction for a few hundred pounds.

A Director of Art

The President of the National Association of Art Masters has suggested that there should be an Art Director in all great cities.

Rain on the Zambesi

During the recent rainy season in Nyasaland over three inches of rain fell in three-quarters of an hour at Murraca, on the south bank of the Zambesi.

A ROYAL WEDDING The Best Wish For Italy

Rose petals were showered from the sky on the Italian Crown Prince and his bride the Belgian Princess when they were wedded in Rome, but those who saw the gracious pageant could hardly forbear to remember the precautions that were being taken that bombs should not be thrown instead.

All the world, it is said, loves a lover. How does it come about, then, that this happy young couple, who never did any harm to anyone, should be in danger of such extremities of hatred when they move among the people? Why cannot they be happy in their love without all this bother of detectives and police?

It seems strange to British people, among whom our princes and princesses move as fearlessly as if they were in the bosom of their family.

The answer to the question is in the one word Freedom. Italy, growing in power and ostentation under Signor Mussolini, is not growing in the freedom for which the founders of modern Italy, Mazzini and Garibaldi, lived and strove.

It is the restraint of freedom which breeds violence, and the violence of unbalanced minds is turned not necessarily against the autocrat, but against anyone associated with autocracy, however innocent they are.

No greater disservice could be done to an Italian royal family than to create for it an Italy such as that which is now coerced into loyalty, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the Prince and Princess, if they should reach the throne in the fullness of time, will find it the throne of a free people, and reign in their hearts. That is the best wish we can offer for these young people and their country.

SYDNEY SMITH JOINS THE C.L.N. Will All the Smiths Please Follow?

NEARING TEN THOUSAND

The Children's League of Nations now boasts of 9 635 members. At this rate it will not be long before the ten-thousand figure is topped. So much the better for a friendly world.

Among the latest recruits from overseas are Veda Spurdens, who was born in Liverpool but now has just left school at Antwerp, where she is living. Three boys from St. Peter's School at Okrika, two from the Presbyterian Senior School at Akuapim on the Gold Coast, and one from Accra, have sent in their sixpences. The last, E. K. A. Solomon, writes that he is joining the C.L.N. because "if all the children of the world will unite together they will bring peace to the whole world."

A Little Gem

Here is one of the letters from the C.L.N. bag this week, surely a little gem, and very welcome to us all:

Dear League of Nations,

Please send me a badge. I want it sent to the address on the envelope because my Ma is a Bolshevik and that is my Pa address.

My age is 7 years.

Supposin I should be in London could I see you?

Yours very much

Sydney Smith.

P.S. It is raining here like anything.

XXX

Little Sydney seems to be in the true line of succession for all Sydney Smiths, and we wish him well.

Now Then, Smith

We also wish the great Smith family, so famous throughout the world for its common sense as well as its numbers, would copy Sydney's good example. *Why not make this the great Smith Week?*

Now then, Smith! Do we not all remember the great story of that Smith who shone so nobly at the earthquake in Messina, when the ladder was placed against a crumbling building and the British captain wanted a sailor to run up it? Looking round, his eye fell on a man he could trust, and his words ring out still in our memory: *Now then, Smith.*

Smith ran up the ladder and saved the precious lives. Will not all our C.N. Smiths come into line this week and help to save the world for all that makes life worth living?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

There will be arrangements for meeting other members at parties, plays, pageants, lectures, film shows, and so on. There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and in other countries. There will be a Letter Exchange. There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations.



The C.L.N. Badge

ESTHER OF POLAND LIKE A BIBLE STORY

Romantic Chapter in the
History of Persecution

THREE MEN FROM RUSSIA

The Barry dock at Cardiff presented a curious picture the other day when the British steamer Tregenna put into port.

Down her gangway tottered an old Arab of 85 followed by two of his countrymen, all claiming British protection.

The three men are missionaries from Mesopotamia who have been at work seeking to spread their religion at Erivan in Russia.

The Russian Government will not tolerate religion of any kind; they have recently burned the last known copies left in Russia of the Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud.

Finding the three Arabs spreading the gospel according to Mohammed they first threw them into prison; then, when a British steamer entered Odessa to coal, made her captain take them on board, saying as justification that the Arabs were British subjects.

Faster Than the Plague

This new example of persecution reminds us of a little known chapter in the history of persecution of the Jews.

It has been practised for much more than a thousand years, sometimes for religion's sake, often as a pretext for extortion, frequently as an excuse for the exercise of blind hatred.

During the Middle Ages terrible epidemics ravaged Europe. The worst of all occurred during the last quarter of the fourteenth century. The tale was started that the Jews were responsible, that they had poisoned the wells and other water supplies, and by secret guile had attempted to bring about the overthrow of Christendom.

The tale travelled faster than the plague, and everywhere Jews were put to terrible torture. At this time Casimir the Great, still famous as the founder of Cracow University, reigned well and wisely in Poland but, as in the Bible story of Esther King Ahasuerus had his evil counsellor in Haman to prompt him to the slaughter of all the Jews in Persia, so those about Casimir bade him slay the Jews and take their belongings.

The Dread Edict Stayed

In the Bible Esther saved her countrymen from the cruel wiles of Haman, made Ahasuerus spare them, and herself became his queen. In Poland there was another Esther, a beautiful young Jewess whom Casimir loved.

This Polish Esther was as queen to Casimir, and at her pleading he stayed his dread edict. No one of the Jewish race was permitted to come to ill in Casimir's day.

The good king set a precedent of mercy and charity which greater nations were fain to copy. Poland became a happy sanctuary for Jews, and the name of Casimir still stands to them as a pattern of benevolence, but Esther remains dear in their memory after more than five hundred years.

CAPTAIN KNIGHT'S EAGLE

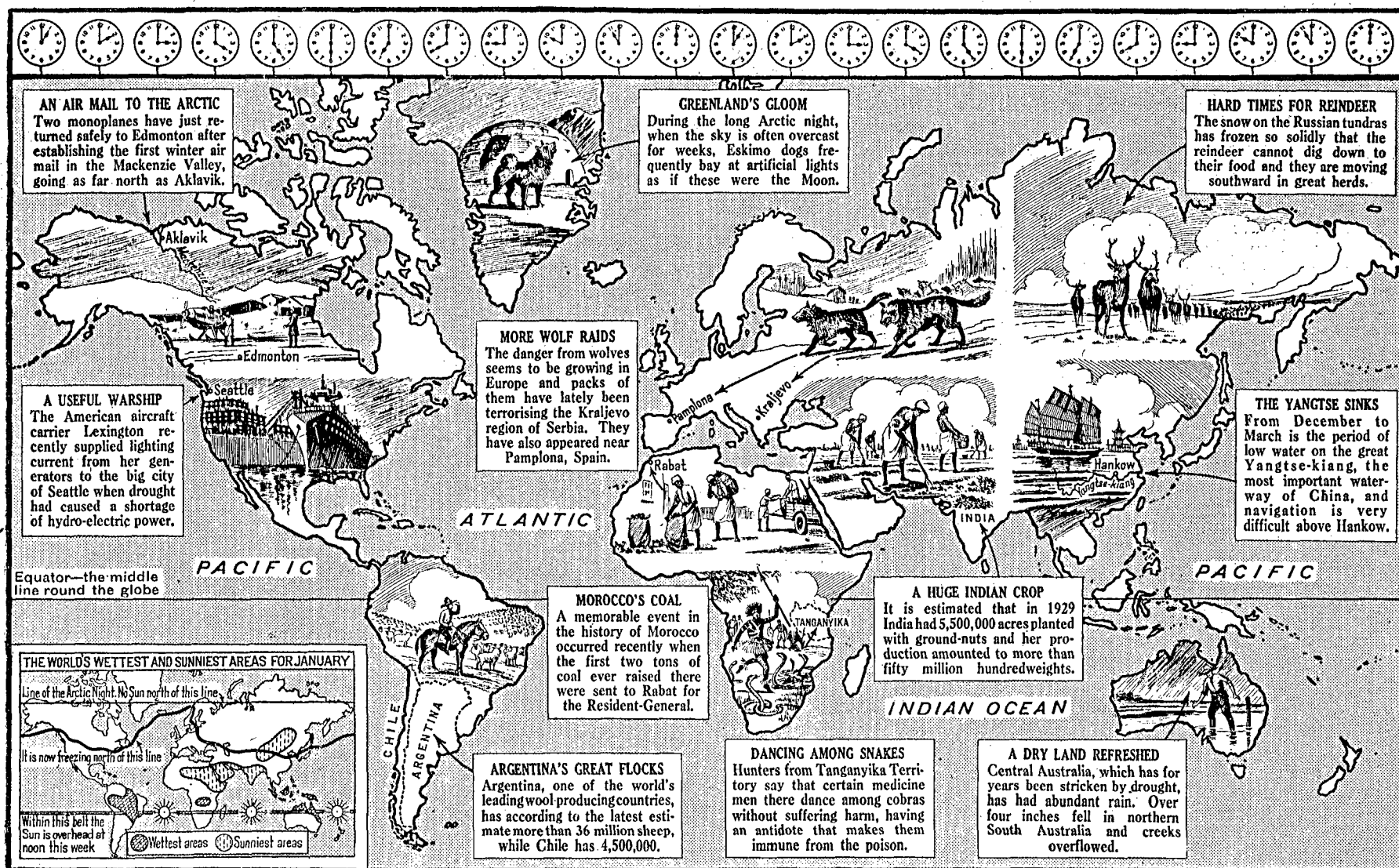
A mere 3000 miles is nothing to Mr. Ramshaw.

And who is Mr. Ramshaw? That respected citizen of the world is the golden eagle of whom Captain C. W. R. Knight has made a pet. The eagle is now accompanying his master on a lecturing tour in the United States.

Captain Knight lectures on birds, a subject of which Mr. Ramshaw knows even more than his master. As guide, philosopher, and friend, therefore, Mr. Ramshaw made the journey to Southampton in a laundry basket, and to New York in the Celtic.

Mr. Ramshaw has now travelled 20,000 miles. *Picture on page 3*

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE FIRES OF SODOM

A Dead City by the Dead Sea

Near the Dead Sea one of the Bible's Cities of the Plain has been discovered by the pick of the excavator.

The dead city is believed to be Sodom. Father Mallon, of the Biblical Institute of Jerusalem, has unearthed the foundations and found in them pottery and other relics of the Early Bronze Age.

It is therefore older than Jericho, yet it is clear from the nature of the relics that the people who lived there had a civilisation older than the nomad tribes of shepherds and pastoralists who sought the city in the days of Abraham.

Can this be the wicked City of the Plain destroyed by fire and brimstone? There is evidence in the excavations that this lost and forgotten city was destroyed by fire early in the days of written history and that none ever dwelled in it afterwards.

Explanations have been offered of the catastrophe which overwhelmed it—volcanic eruption and spontaneous combustion of oil shale strata, but none is completely satisfactory. The fact remains, however, that this city was, as the Bible story tells, destroyed by fire.

THE TAXIMAN'S WAY

We are glad to see that the taxis are being advertised. They are excellent things—when you can get them.

But we hope the advertisements will be kept apart from taxis and not put in them. The public is entitled to resist very strongly the invitation to ride about in a vehicle plastered with advertising matter.

We hope, also, that the Cab Proprietors Council, which is calling our attention to the convenience of taxis, will tell us why the taximan so often goes the long way and the wrong way round. We have noticed it many times of late; once a taximan took the wrong turning four times between the C.N. office and Victoria.

FLOOD AND DROUGHT

South Africa's Summer Weather

In some South African districts the summer rains (in December) were very heavy. At Standerton, 100 miles from Johannesburg, the Vaal River rose 24 feet in one night. At Ermelo a native was swept away by the flood. Cattle, ripening maize, and fruit have been overwhelmed. Thirty-year-old plantations have given way to the violence of the torrents. And yet in other places there is drought.

A Kalahari Desert Expedition found near Ghanzi an aged bushman couple left to die of thirst and starvation by their tribe. It had moved on to find water. There comes a time when the tribe in its wanderings in search of water and food may be fatally impeded by the aged feeble. It had been so here. The tsama melon, on which the tribe depended for water by tapping, has failed them. The supply of water stored in old petrol tins, skin bags, and ostrich-egg shells was all but exhausted, and the old people had been left with the little food and water that could be spared. Happily the expedition arrived before the jackals had gathered round.

Such is life in this land where the rainfall means so much.

CARL HENTSCHEL

Mr. Carl Hentschel, familiar figure in Fleet Street and a pioneer in the making of half-tone blocks for newspapers, has died at 66. He was born in Poland, his father being an American citizen of Russian origin.

Mr. Hentschel was one of the Three Men in a Boat whose adventures Jerome K. Jerome made famous in his story of that name.

He founded the Playgoers Club.

Six thousand million eggs are consumed in Britain every year.

Edward Bok

The well-known American editor Mr. Edward Bok has died at 66. He began life as a poor boy and grew up to know nearly everybody.

LONDON PRIDE

Owing More Than Dr. Johnson's England

When Dr. Johnson walked Fleet Street all England owed less money than London owes today.

The National Debt in 1750 was £80,000,000. In 1930, the London County Council owes £70,000,000, the Metropolitan Water Board £42,000,000, the Metropolitan Borough Councils and the City of London Corporation £27,000,000, and other debts of other public bodies bring the total up to £141,000,000.

On this the ratepayers pay over £8,000,000 and the total is fast approaching £9,000,000, which represents more than £1 a head for every man, woman, and child in Greater London.

This is one way of getting on.

DOES DYNAMITE BANG?

Does dynamite bang when it explodes? Most of us think it does, but it appears that this happens only when the dynamite is fired in the open air.

When a hole is drilled by miners and a charge of dynamite is introduced into it and exploded the chief noise heard is the breaking of the rocks after the explosion. Big charges of dynamite are now being exploded in huge steel bombs by the American Bureau of Mines to measure the pressure when charges are fired in a bore hole in a mine. When the explosion takes place, and a pressure of 20,000 pounds to the square inch is produced inside the bomb, only a slight click is heard by the engineers working the bomb.

HONOUR CLEAN

Our readers will be glad to know that Mr. Gunby Hadath's exciting school story Honour Clean, which appeared in last year's C.N. may now be bought in an attractive orange-coloured binding for 5s. It is published by Hodder & Stoughton under the title of Young Hendry, and makes a delightful gift.

THE WORLD AND THE COAL BOX

Governments, Miners, and Owners at Geneva

ALL ROUND FROM ALL ANGLES

By Our League Correspondent

Wages, hours of work, and general conditions in the coal industry are the subjects studied at the first of the League's 1930 conferences held the other day at the International Labour Office.

It is hoped that international agreements may later be accepted which will help to solve some of the difficulties of the whole coal-mining situation, and this was a preliminary meeting to prepare the way. As at all the conferences held at the I.L.O., employers and workers (in this case mine-owners and miners) meet and discuss with the representatives of Governments, and questions are thus studied from every angle and with fairness to all.

One of the British delegates was elected chairman at this conference, but British opinion on the subjects under discussion was considered to be of such paramount importance that he had to vacate the chair in order to state the views of our Government. He was followed by the British miners' delegate, who pointed out that all the British representatives were agreed that the question of hours of work is one for international agreement.

Patience, open-mindedness, and determination were declared by another British delegate to be the qualities needed for arriving at the right solutions, and surely Geneva is, more than any other, the place in which they flourish. Let us hope for decisions which may be beneficial to all.

Fined for Smoking

A man has been fined at Chertsey, Surrey, for smoking in a non-smoking railway carriage.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 25 1930

Shakespeare Every Night

THE C.N. is delighted to see the stirring of the movement for a National Shakespeare Theatre. This is a thing that should be done, however hard up the nation may be.

If there is no other way we hope the Chancellor will put a penny on the Income Tax. It will be worth it to have Shakespeare speaking every night to the nation.

It is a national disgrace that we have been so long without a National Theatre where Shakespeare's plays can be performed in a setting worthy of them. It is a small thing to ask of the richest city in the world, the capital of the Empire which speaks the language Shakespeare spoke. If the plays of Shakespeare remained unread on the shelves the words would not be bound there. They escaped many a year ago to become part of our common tongue. We can never forget them, even if the debt we all owe to Shakespeare remains unpaid.

It remains unpaid while we are at no pains to preserve the magic of his thought and speech as a living thing. Shakespeare wrote his plays for actors to perform. He created tremendous characters, and he speaks most directly and plainly to us when performed by well-graced actors on the stage for which he wrote. Such a stage is what we owe to him and to ourselves. How foolish it is to grudge it! Money is not grudged to buy a picture for the nation—£60,000 for an Old Master, £30,000 for an illuminated missal; people would think it folly not to have a building worthy to set out these treasures. Subscriptions are asked and are rightly forthcoming to preserve our national monuments, but is there any monument more national than Shakespeare's plays?

If the Government or the London County Council or the City Corporation still hesitates to spare the money to build a theatre for public enjoyment the appeal to them might be grounded on the cause of public education. Is there anything more educational than the English Shakespeare wrote, or the history he transfigured, or the philosophy which was the outcome of his lofty mind?

Always there has been some obstacle in raising this National Shakespeare Theatre. Everyone agrees that it should be done, but everyone leaves it to somebody else to complete the movement. A million pounds is wanted and £90,000 is in hand.

If we could raise it by taxing ugliness, or slums, or drinking, we should have made a finer investment than any National Loan the Chancellor of the Exchequer may raise.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Pleasure of a Visit to the Dentist

THE world is really getting on. Even the law is at last agreed that it is an act of cruelty not to take a child to the dentist!

For causing his child suffering in this way a Twickenham man was lately fined 20s.

He did not strike or starve the child; for aught we know his very kindness may have led him into cruelty.

At all events, the medical officer who told him that the child's teeth needed attention in 1924 says that now some of them are past saving. The father is called to account and punished for his neglect.

Then this is not a free country? It is certainly not a country where a man is free to ill-use his horse or to neglect the health of his children.

We hope all those C.N. readers who are taken to the dentist in the holidays will be properly grateful to their parents. If not the tale of the man of Twickenham may serve to bring them to a right frame of mind.

The Bull in the Chamber

THAT was a wise bull which, at Alberca in Spain the other day, escaped from the bull-ring, jumped over the barrier, mounted the steps of the town hall, and burst into the Council Chamber.

We hope the Council decided that such exhibitions must stop.

The Old Chair

WITH sinking heart and doubtful step we took our way to a certain Oak Lodge to return a call on a lady unknown. We had been out when she left cards on us. We felt our call would be a great waste of time, especially as the sun was shining.

The lady was at home. The talk turned on to reading. She confessed suddenly that "she always read Jane Austen in that special old chair over there by the window," and added: "the very sight of the chair makes me feel happy as I dust it every morning." (She reads the daily paper elsewhere.)

We rose refreshed. It was not, as we had thought, a silly little ordinary drawing-room. It was flushed with colour and romance, and the fine old chair looked conscious and proud.

Where Do You Come From?

From star or meteor flame,
From deeps beyond surmise,
O Life, say whence you came?
From Love, young Life replies.

On Earth you will not rest,
The past will call you clear,
Though Earth in flowers be dressed,
Your homeland is not here.

Be faithful to your trust
And, by the stars above,
When dust returns to dust
Shall Life return to Love.

His Misfortune

EPITAPHS crop up at all times, but here is one that should surely not be forgotten, and lest it should be in danger of being forgotten we print it here. It is the famous epitaph on the grave of the poet's mother, Dorothy Gray, in the churchyard immortalised in Gray's Elegy:

The careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.

Could anything be more tender than that?

Yourself to You

If nobody sings a song to you,
Sing a song to yourself, my lad.
If nobody works along with you,
Work by yourself—it's not so bad.
If nobody comes to dance with you,
Dance by yourself, lad, do.
And you'll find at the end
What a real good friend
Yourself can be to you.

Marion St. John Webb
in Mr. Papingay's Caravan

Tip-Cat

ACCORDING to a physician's advice, we should always go to bed with a cold. The only thing an Englishman should take lying down:

THE citizen in the gutter has the same rights as the citizen in a motor-car. And one extra—he is allowed to go on the pavement.

WOMEN are said to be miles ahead of men today. Since bobbed hair was introduced they have learned how to take short cuts.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If short skirts
will stay long

way of removing the gasometer in front of Richmond Castle. But surely the gasometer might be made to move itself.

A DOCTOR says sleeping in the open air is an aid to good looks. It helps to give you a nice open countenance.

WOMEN do not take kindly to detective work. All the same, men constantly complain of being caught by them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N.—Calling the World

THIRTEEN acres of playing fields have been given to the children of Clay Cross, Derbyshire, by a local Councillor.

MRS. EMILY WHEELER, who has died at 83, had been a servant in one family 65 years.

OVER £10,000 has been subscribed for free wireless sets for the blind.

The Stuttertub

By Our Country Girl

THE Stuttertub! The Stuttertub!

It is a perfect word,
A lonely pearl of common sense
In seas of slang absurd.
With floods of pointless gibberish
The only phrase of note
That Uncle Sam has sent to us
Describes the motor-boat.

A JUSTER term we could not find,
Though scholars searched for years;

It means exactly what it says,
It is what it appears.
Oh, why must speed be wed to noise?

Oh, when will people strike
Against the noisy Stuttertub
And deafening Stutterbike?

The Old Folk of Old Cobham

WHERE will our boys be in the year 2003? we were asking the other day, thinking of the vigorous old people of these days. We may wonder if a village we came upon the other day can possibly repeat its history in the next few generations.

We were being shown over the old church of Cobham, in Kent, the village Charles Dickens loved, by an old lady who has in her care some of the oldest and finest brasses in England, and has something in her keeping even more precious still, a lovely voice, and much of that charm that is passing out of the world.

She is 83, and she has been telling the story of these brasses interestingly, wittily, and prettily for 42 years. She has a vicar who is 84 conducting his own service and playing the organ. His wife is two years older still. In the quiet little dreamland behind the church, in the old college houses that have stood 300 years, one old man is 94 ("Charles Dickens was very good to me," he said), and another old lady of 80 was working in the fields on the day we called.

It may be that the good Nurse of Cobham keeps all these old people young, but, whatever it is, we feel that Cobham is as gracious a bit of Old England as we are likely to come upon in any long day's ride.

The Prayer for Winchester Cathedral

This House of God has been used for prayer for many centuries. Join your prayers to those of past ages and your hopes for those which are yet to come.

Here God is present with His people. All the time that you are in His house remember that He is with you.

Give thanks for the men who built and adorned this church; give thanks for all the beautiful gifts to God in this place; and pray that all who serve and all who worship here may remain His faithful servants to their lives' end.

And may God's blessing be upon you and lead you in the ways of righteousness, love, and peace.

C.N. BOY IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE ONLY WHITE LAD FOR 500 MILES

Turning to the Birds for
Interest and Company

MR. AND MRS. SWALLOW OF ALASKA

We have news this week from a reader who is probably the farthest North of any who are within the C.N.'s wide range of influence.

His name is Sidney Waldo Moore. He is ten years old. Kobuk, near Shungnak, Alaska, is where he lives, and his friends claim for him that he is the only Boy Scout living North of the Arctic Circle.

We think perhaps it would be better to add "on the North American continent," for who knows what Boy Scouts there may be in Tromsø in Norway, which also is within the Circle?

Something To Do

There is no white boy but Sidney Moore within 500 miles of Kobuk, but there are Eskimo children during most of the year, and there is a United States Government school in the village, with Sidney's father and mother in charge of it.

In springtime young Sidney finds things are rather dull. The Eskimo families have vanished from the village to trap musk rats, and no human playmates are around. Yet a boy must have something to do, and this boy makes a first-rate choice of an interest. He turns to the birds for company.

It is a good time for seeing birds, for in spring they are moving toward their nesting-places. Birds are quick in knowing where they are welcome. Here is Sidney's account of how he managed last spring.

New Arrivals

"Our yard," he says, "seemed to be the birds' camping ground, for there were new arrivals every morning. Daddy and I made two bird houses and put them among the branches of the birch trees. When the leaves came it seemed a homely place, and I could hardly wait for the birds to take a look at the houses made for them.

"The first to notice them was a warbler, she went in and seemed to be making up her mind, but then came out and decided that it wouldn't do. She found better quarters down by the river. A man from a trading post up the river called and said he was sure birds in Alaska would not use a made house.

"But the very next day two swallows arrived and flew straight to one of my houses in the trees. Mrs. Swallow went inside and Mr. Swallow sat on the roof and talked as fast as he could. My mother stood under the tree and talked about table linen and such things, and the birds twittered back as if they were joining in the conversation. They were not long in making up their minds to take the place, and at once their house-furnishing began.

Inquisitive Eskimos

"Mrs. Swallow made many trips with grasses and straws, and Mr. Swallow occasionally darted down to the garden for a mouthful of mud, which he used to putty up the cracks. In a few days the home was finished and Mrs. Swallow's household duties began. Afterwards we saw less of her, and I thought they were gone, but Daddy said he was sure they were eggs in the nest.

"When the Eskimos returned to the village I had a hard time keeping the

A FROZEN SHIP ON LAKE MICHIGAN

WINTER has been a bitter season on the Great Lakes of North America. One of the blizzards froze a ship on Lake Michigan to the likeness of an iced cake in a confectioner's shop.

There was nothing sweet in the experience to the sailors on board. The Lake ships steam from port to port and along the waterways between the lakes in short journeys of a day or two. This ship was marooned on the lake for more than a week.

A sixty-mile an hour gale lashed her, and as the waves broke over her from stem to stern the water froze to hull and deck, to deck-house and look-out tower.

The lights went out, the fires in the stoves and engine-room were extinguished, the ventilators were choked with ice.

The crew were helpless; they had to wait, unable to get steerage way on their ship after the storm had subsided, till help approached in a tug. When the tug reached them their provisions had been exhausted and they were nearly starving.

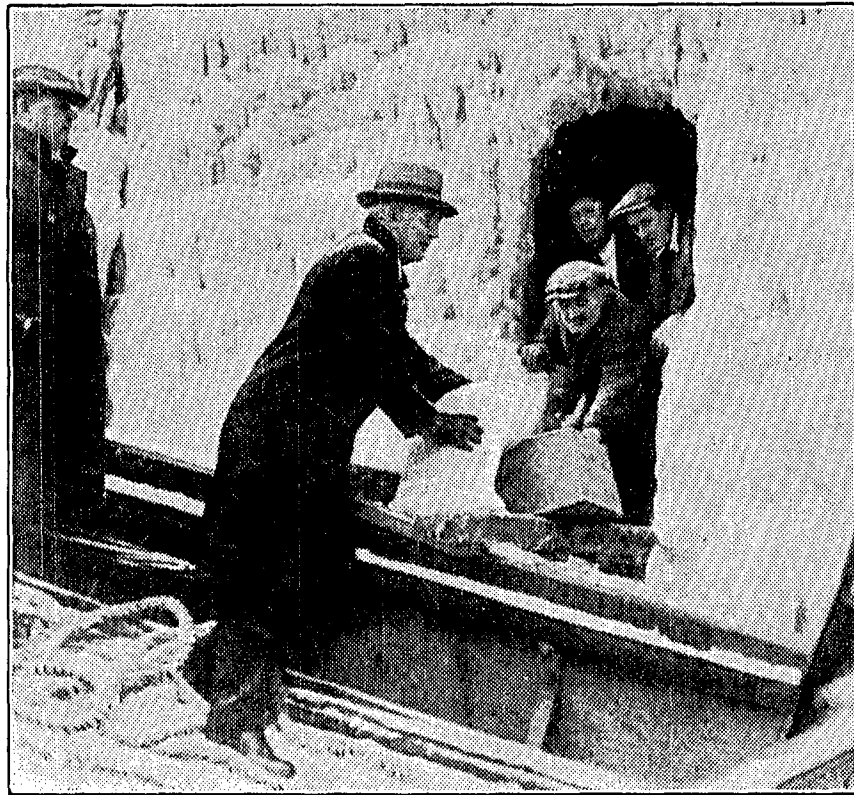
In our own islands we have had a share of water, floods, and gales, but up to the middle of January in most parts of the kingdom frost had spared even the water pipes.

Pictures on this page

IN WINTER'S ICY GRIP



The ice-covered ship



Taking provisions on board

These pictures show the remarkable way in which a ship was covered with ice during a gale on Lake Michigan. The hardships which the crew endured for a week are described above.

Continued from the previous column

boys and girls away from that nest. Some wanted to shake it out of the tree, and others to climb up and look in. At last Daddy had to tell them they should not come into the yard to play unless they would leave the birds alone. One day, when mosquitoes were humming everywhere, and Mr. and Mrs. Swallow were both darting out to fill their mouths so full of mosquitoes that they stuck out on all sides, I knew the young birds had come.

"There came a day later on when the old swallows seemed to have decided that the young ones should either come out and fly or go hungry, for they sat on a wire outside and called them, and

there was such a squealing within. At last one little fellow came out on the porch, and his father and mother sailed over him as if saying Come on; it's easy; come on and try it. After a while he grew brave and found his wings would really hold him up, and then he never wanted to stop, but darted here and there catching mosquitoes, and at last came to rest on the wire with the old birds. Next day all four had learned to fly, and now my little house is empty."

"What better could Sidney Waldo Moore have done than watch the birds so well? We are sure our readers will be glad to see him and his nesting house, and will feel that he would be a good friend for anybody.

Pictures on page 3

OUR UPS AND DOWNS

A LOOK AT INDUSTRY

The Fall of Old Trades and the
Rise of New Ones

MAKING AND MOVING THINGS

How wonderful it is to be a member of a great people, to walk in cities so large that even if we have many friends it is rarely that we see a face we know, to be a worker among tens of millions of workers whose energy creates the wealth we all enjoy, to try to understand the myriad features of a mighty population! It is at once a privilege and a glorious opportunity.

Among our official records nothing is more fascinating than those relating to the changes in the nature of work which have recently taken place. The war turned British industry inside out. Some trades have seriously declined. On the other hand there is a list of trades which have made increase. Let us look at the chief changes which have occurred in the last six years.

We are able to do this because the Ministry of Labour keeps a careful account of the workpeople insured against unemployment, so that we can see at a glance, by looking down the official figures, which trades have gone up and which have gone down.

Trades That Have Gone Down

Here are the most important of the industries in which employment has decreased in the last six years:

Coal mining	Brass wares
General engineering	Cotton manufacture
Marine engineering	Woolens and worsteds
Iron and steel	Boots and shoes
Shipbuilding	Wire and netting

What is particularly sad about this list is that it includes some of what we used to call staple trades, upon which we mainly depended. It was by producing and exporting coal, iron, steel, ships, cotton goods, and woollen goods that Britain found her way to wealth in modern times. That there should be decline in these staple trades is a terribly serious matter, and the future of our country largely depends on whether the losses can be made good and these trades revived. It is all a matter of enterprise and of either recovering lost markets or finding new ones. Therefore it is a thing about which we cannot prophesy; we can only hope and work.

Trades That Have Increased

Fortunately, there is a list of trades in which there has been increase in the last six years; here are the chief of them:

Building	Motor-cars
Bricks and tiles	Rubber trades
Paints and varnishes	Printing
Artificial silk	Tailoring and laundry
Musical instruments	Buses and trams
Electric engineering	Dyeing and cleaning
Furniture	Entertainment
Hotels and clubs	Distributive trades

This is a very different list from the other. While among it there are trades of great importance, such as building and electrical engineering, there are many increases in what we may call supplementary or decorative trades, and in work connected with moving things about and providing amusement.

The last item in the list is very significant. There has been a great increase in the number of workers engaged in the mere distribution of things; it has risen from 1,250,000 in 1923 to 1,650,000 in 1929, a rise out of all proportion to the quantity of goods made in the country. That cannot be called a good thing.

Experiments have shown that three tons of oxygen are required to burn one ton of coal.

Laughing at Cruelty

A poulterer's assistant who laughed when asked not to carry a fowl head downward has been fined at Spitalfields for his cruelty.

INDUSTRIES WHICH DO NOT PAY

SHOULD THE STATE RUN THEM?

The Case of the Farmer and His Sugar Beet

TAXPAYER'S BURDEN

From time to time the C.N. has given reasons for its belief that it cannot be worth while to run an industry which cannot support itself without subsidies out of the taxes, as is done with beet sugar.

A good farmer friend of ours who himself grows sugar beet for the subsidised factories asks us to put his side of the case.

He tells us that the Agricultural Research Institute at Oxford went into the cost of over 400 crops and found that the labour employed in growing and harvesting sugar beet had cost over ten pounds an acre and that the result showed generally a modest profit to the farmer. These figures apparently refer to 1926, but details of costing are now available for 1927, and there was an average loss to the farmers of about £3 an acre.

Smaller Subsidy, Smaller Crops

Our correspondent speaks of the great increase in the acreage planted with sugar beet as the result of the subsidy. Naturally the subsidy produced such an increase when it was first established. We pointed out in an earlier article that, while the subsidy was to last ten years, in that ten years it was to be gradually reduced, the idea being that the industry would grow up and be able to look after itself. Thus the critical moment for the scheme was when the subsidy dropped from 19s. 6d. to 13s., and we said that already as a result the beet crop had diminished by more than a fifth.

Our correspondent admits that the returns show a decrease of ploughing every year, and says that the sugar beet is the alternative partly to turnips, partly to corn, and partly to "laying down grass." It is just the displacement of turnips and corn that we deplore, and it is just because turnips and corn might have been grown where sugar beet is grown that it cannot be true that, as our correspondent puts it, "hundreds of thousands of pounds, possibly millions, have been paid to labourers which, without the sugar subsidy, would never have been paid at all."

The Taxpayer's Money

The subsidy certainly has failed to stop the decline in the number of agricultural labourers employed. These have declined in England and Wales since the subsidy began from 803,338 to 772,825. In Norfolk, where there is the most intensive growing of sugar beet, they have declined from 42,616 to 41,280, and in Lincolnshire, where our correspondent lives, from 50,195 to 48,594.

When our correspondent speaks with satisfaction of the wages paid by reason of the subsidy he forgets that this money (which pays the manufacturers the whole cost of their raw supplies) comes from the pockets of the taxpayer, who would otherwise spend it on profitable goods.

The Minister of Agriculture in the last Government made it his boast that by the help of the subsidy our farmers got 54s. a ton for their beet against only 30s. received by the farmers in Holland for the same service. Why in the name of common sense should our people be taxed in order that work should be done here at about twice its cost in Holland, so diverting our resources from more profitable things which we could easily exchange for the Dutchman's sugar?

We happen to have many excellent papers in our head which would not pay, but it has not yet been suggested that the State should subsidise them.

A LAKE WITHOUT WATER

Odd Little Chapter of Geography

A BED OF SALT IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

An Australian explorer, Mr. C. T. Madigan, has returned from Central Australia to take a lake off the map.

On the maps of Australia Lake Eyre occupies a space almost as large as some of the great Central African lakes from which the Nile springs. But it is a lake without water.

In wet seasons probably the lake is partially flooded and five rivers are joined to it. But for the most part, and at most times, it is a bed of salt.

The five rivers bring salt to it when they flow. The salt stays, the water evaporates, and the whole vast expanse is encrusted with patches of crystalline salt like ice-floes.

Relics of Prehistoric Times

Everything about Lake Eyre suggests a lake, except water. There are steep shores and sandy beaches. They may be the relics of days 50,000 or 100,000 years ago when the area was flooded and the five rivers fed it.

But now it is dry. Mr. Madigan drove miles along its salty surface with a heavy motor-truck, and did not sink in. Some day it may compete with the Dead Sea in supplying salts for industry; the present question is whether its beds of salt and gypsum contain potash.

But the old superstitions about Lake Eyre, which was supposed to be a bog for cattle and strange animals, have been dissipated by the latest inquiries. There is no morass except at one narrow neck between two parts of the lake and the only animals Mr. Madigan found were lizards and ants. Where these came from he could not imagine.

101 TIMES UP A VOLCANO

The Old Climber and His Cheque

A mountain-climbing record has been established by a New Zealand alpinist, Mr. T. A. Blyth, who climbed Mount Ruapehu for the 101st time in November.

Ruapehu is an extinct volcano, 9,150 feet high, forming with two other old volcanoes, Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, a group of volcanic mountains in the centre of the North Island of New Zealand. These interesting old mountains are still preserved in their primeval grandeur, for hundreds of square miles of land around them have been declared a national park.

The mountain which Mr. Blyth has just reconquered rises 1500 feet above the level of perpetual snow, and on the summit is an icefield, with a little crater lake in the middle. Six years ago the water in the lake was very warm, but later, when Ngauruhoe became active for a time, the water became cold, just as if the next-door neighbour had turned off the hot-water supply. Now it has become warm again. What tricks these old mountains play on one another!

To mark his 101st ascent of Ruapehu friends of Mr. Blyth presented him with a cheque, but, like the enthusiastic mountaineer he is, he has passed it on to be used for building a hut for the convenience of people who go skiing on the icefields of the mountain.

ATOMS

It has been calculated that if the atoms in a gramme of copper were magnified to the size of a grain of sand they would cover the British Isles to a depth of 26 yards.

There are fifty thousand million atoms of gold in a drop of sea-water, yet sixty tons of sea-water contain only a pennyworth of gold.

WHEN ART WAS VERY YOUNG

Simplicity of the Great Masters

AN ODD THING TO NOTICE AT THE PICTURES

There will be surprises for many of those who have the good fortune to be taken to the exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House.

What, they will ask, as they see some of these masterpieces for the first time, what mean these man-made costumes for divinities; what is the meaning of costumes of a few hundreds of years ago worn by figures from the Bible of thousands of years ago?

We see pictures of characters from the Old and New Testaments arrayed in clothes like those worn when the Old Masters were painting these works in the art cities of Italy, when the Tudors and the Stuarts were on the throne.

Without irreverence it is permissible to smile at a superb figure of the Archangel Gabriel dressed in a robe such as a Renaissance noble might have worn and shod with top boots.

Tobias Habited as a Prince

The angel is accompanied by a Tobias habited exactly in the manner of a prince or merchant of the days when the Medicis were the chief powers in the world of art and learning. The figures might have stepped straight from life in one of the old miracle or nativity plays of our ancestors.

The fact is that the great masters were very simple men for the most part. Leonardo and Michael Angelo were profoundly learned, it is true, two of the mightiest minds that ever abode on Earth, but the remainder were as simple as Caedmon before he became a monk at Whitby and poured forth his inspired poems.

They painted from the heart more than from the head, and told their story in paint from the characters they saw about them. A lovely girl might suggest a Madonna, to be painted just as she was, in feature and raiment; a man of saintly features suggested a Bible hero, and he was painted as he stood, in everyday attire. They knew not the dress of the actual figures whom they represented in their pictures.

THE QUEER IDEAS THAT ARE BORN IN RUSSIA

Abolishing a Happy Christmas

We have all read of periods in history when people were persecuted for their religious beliefs by those in power (the early Christians by pagan Rome, Protestants by Roman Catholics, Roman Catholics by Protestants, Jews by Christians) and had cherished the belief that these were old, unhappy, far-off things which could not possibly happen in our own days.

But we were wrong; for, incredible as it may seem, there is a country where even now people are being persecuted, not for one particular form of belief, but for any manifestation of religious faith whatever. In that country (need we say that it is Russia?) church after church has been closed, and Sunday as a day of rest and worship has been abolished. This year the strangely misguided men who are governing that unhappy country's destinies raised their hand also against the beautiful and sacred institution of Christmas.

No Christmas trees were allowed to be lit, no presents given, no service held in celebration of the Nativity. How strange and grey and dreary must have seemed the day to millions of children who had been wont to look on it as the most radiant and joyous of the year! And how queer an idea of happiness is that of these rulers of Russia!

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S SLEEPING PLACE

THE CAGE OR THE LOAF?

The Little Puzzle of Two Families at the Zoo

A BATTLE OF THE MICE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The mouse seems such a gentle, timid creature that it is difficult to imagine him fighting battles; yet when dealing with their own kind these tiny rodents can be as aggressive as any of the powerful mammals.

Recently the Zoo has been the scene of an amusing war between two families of tame mice.

The members of one family have lived at the Zoo for a considerable time and their leader is a handsome piebald mouse called Nebuchadnezzar, who discovered an original and most convenient nest for himself and his followers.

A Home-Made Nest

The accommodation provided for these mice consists of an exhibition cage and an inner sleeping apartment in which the little animals can hide away from the public and make themselves a bed of dried grass; but until lately Nebuchadnezzar and his family had no use for their sleeping cage.

Each day they are given a loaf of bread, and the mice had a habit of eating their way through the loaf until they made it quite hollow, and then, having finished with the bread as food, they used the crust as a nest.

For months they found this way of living entirely satisfactory. But just before Christmas a second family of tame mice arrived at the Zoo, and the newcomers were placed in Nebuchadnezzar's cage.

Defeated But Not Depressed

They were not, however, welcomed by their housemates, and to avoid the anger of the old residents the new arrivals took refuge in the deserted sleeping apartment. This infuriated Nebuchadnezzar more than ever and, gathering together his followers, he led them into battle. He forced the interlopers to turn out of the inner cage only to find himself faced with a serious complication. For the defeated mice, instead of being depressed and cowed, promptly took possession of the loaf, and when Nebuchadnezzar again declared war and regained his loaf the newcomers returned to the sleeping cage.

So the war continued, and though the two families are gradually becoming reconciled they still do not mix together. If Nebuchadnezzar decides that he must sleep in the loaf he has hollowed he has to give up the inner apartment; if he feels he cannot bear to do this he has no alternative but to allow the enemy to use the comfortable home he invented for his own family.

Tamest of the Tame

But although Nebuchadnezzar is naturally bothered by these domestic arrangements his temper toward his human friends is unchanged. He is still the tamest of the Zoo's tame mice, and when his admirers call on him he is delighted to let them handle and feed him, in spite of the fact that this gives his enemies an opportunity to enter forbidden places.

He dare not allow warfare to interfere with his social activities, for this winter his most dangerous rival for the affection of his friends, Brownie the dormouse, is not hibernating properly. Usually Brownie makes himself a nest at the beginning of autumn weather and retires for a long sleep; this year he is only dozing, and if disturbed he at once awakes and makes himself agreeable.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol From Ugly Stations

THE GREAT ITALIAN PICTURE SHOW IN PICCADILLY



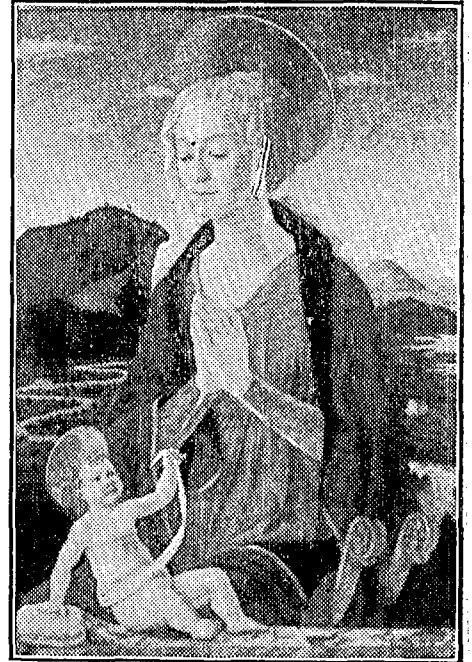
Virgin and Child, by Piero di Cosimo



Angelo Doni, by Raphael



Portrait of a Boy, by Giovanni Boltraffio



Virgin and Child, by Alesso Baldovinetti



A Man in Black, by Giovanni Moroni



Virgin and Child with St. John, by Lorenzo di Credi



Portrait of Pace Spini, by Moroni



A Senator, by Vincenzo Foppa



Virgin and Child with Saints, by Ghirlandajo



A Princess, by Antonio Pisanello

Few art events have aroused greater interest than the Italian Exhibition which is drawing thousands of people to Burlington House every day. The exhibition is representative of the work of Italian artists from 1200 to 1900, and includes paintings (a few of which we give here), drawings, sculptures, tapestries, manuscripts, furniture, glass, and other objects of art.

DARTMOOR PITS WHAT ABOUT CHINA CLAY?

The Great Need for a Central Authority of the Countryside INEXCUSABLE UGLINESS

The movement for preserving rural England from ugliness seems likely to cover new ground. An outcry is coming from South Devonshire against the ruin that may be spread there by the prospecting for china clay in the heart of Dartmoor, where 24 pits have been sunk.

Admittedly the working of any district for china clay has hitherto changed it into a repulsive sight. The workers leave glaring white hills of refuse about the countryside that are offensive in the sight of anyone who was not born under their intrusive stare.

The Dart as a Clay Drain

Also it is true that china clay workings have hitherto changed the streams of their neighbourhood into the colour of pipe-clay, making them uninhabitable by fish, undrinkable by man, and offensive to the sight. Imagine the Dart, one of the most varied and delightful rivers of Britain, so treated! "Crowds will not go to see it as a foul clay drain," says one of the critics of the industrialising of Dartmoor.

Yet china clay is needed, and is valuable. It is the basis of the ancient art of pottery in its finest form. It will not tend to the preservation of natural beauty if that preservation is used to exclude mankind from some of Nature's most helpful resources. What seems to be wrong about this clash of sensible interests is that there is no broad, wise, and strong Authority that can survey such questions as the preservation of the amenities of Dartmoor and the reasonable use of its mineral resources without offensiveness. There is no excuse for leaving glaring dumps, either black or white. There is no excuse for poisoning rivers. There is no excuse for destruction of beauty. Such evils only arise out of a lawless, thoughtless, and vicious carelessness and cheapness that ought not to be allowed anywhere.

Dartmoor a National Park

But these evils will persist until there is intelligent public control of methods; and it is very much wiser and easier to get that control than it is to try to stop industries which the world needs. It is not right that men should buy the power to do in industry what they like, where they like, regardless of other interests; nor should they be unreasonably restricted by those other interests.

What is needed is a Central Authority for dealing with all matters of this kind. And, as for Dartmoor in particular, what is needed there is that it should be taken over as a national park.

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOODS

Protecting the Orang-Utan

From now onward the orang-utan among his native trees of Sumatra and Borneo will have a better chance of remaining there. This Old Man of the Woods, which is what his name implies, must not be exported to the Straits Settlements or the Malay States.

This was the only way in which to stop the traffic in these animals, most of which died from pneumonia or tuberculosis when they had been brought to Europe by dealers in wild animals.

The Dutch Government forbade their exportation or capture some time ago, but there were always people willing to smuggle them out of the islands. Now that the British Government has set the example of forbidding their entry into British territory we may hope that this cruel form of Slave Trade will be scotched.

A MAN WHO LOOKED AHEAD

Edward Gibbon Wakefield

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

At last the people of New Zealand are going to erect a fitting memorial to Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who did more than anyone else to make their islands part of the Empire.

In an old cemetery in the heart of Wellington, the capital of the Dominion, lies a flat marble slab on which is inscribed in letters half obliterated the words: Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Died May 16, 1862, aged 66 years.

That is all there is to mark the grave of this visionary prophet of Greater Britain. In Auckland and Wellington somewhat unimportant streets are named after him, and the names of men who have meant far less to the country are preserved in wide thoroughfares. Now the Government of New Zealand is to erect a dignified memorial at his last resting-place.

When Wellington was Founded

Ninety years ago Wakefield and his far-seeing friends formed the New Zealand Company with the object, not of making money, but of sending out colonists to the then unsettled islands of New Zealand. In 1840 the settlers founded Wellington, and later planted British settlements in other parts of the country. Thus New Zealand, which had been a No Man's Land inhabited only by scattered tribes of Maoris, became a part of the Empire.

Later Wakefield went to live in Wellington, where he died. At the time of his death there were only 100,000 British settlers in the country, but now the population is 14 times as large.

Why the Government was Afraid

Not only New Zealand but the whole of our Empire owes a deep debt of gratitude to Edward Gibbon Wakefield. When he began his work over a century ago most Englishmen did not care whether they had any more colonies or whether some other nation seized the idle lands overseas. They remembered that the American colonies had broken away from England, and they pointed to Canada, where the few settlers of that day were talking of rebellion, and to Australia, which was unpopular because it was used as a place for convicts.

The Government was afraid to add any more colonies to the Empire.

But first in South Australia and then in New Zealand Wakefield established settlements of Englishmen who were not afraid to face pioneering difficulties. He sent out his brother, Colonel William Wakefield, to found Wellington and buy land from the Maoris.

A friend of the C.N. in New Zealand who sends us this news is proud of the fact that he is descended from the pioneers who went to Nelson ninety years ago.

REMEMBER THE DRIVER

A short time ago, when the Calais-Paris express arrived at the Northern Railway Station strictly to time, a pleasant incident occurred.

As the crowd of passengers alighted some of them cast a friendly glance at the engine, with the driver and stoker who had brought them safely and swiftly to their destination; but one was not content with that. Stepping alongside, he handed an English book to the driver and another to the stoker, who during the journey had shovelled six tons of coal into the engine's fire-box.

It was a happy gesture. These brave men scarcely ever get even a smile at the end of their journeys, while tips are distributed to many who deserve recognition a thousand times less.

WHY NOT FINE THE CAR?

Making the Punishment Fit the Crime

A NEW IDEA FOR STOPPING MOTOR MADNESS

Fine the motor-car.

That is the suggestion made by a magistrate, Sir Willans Nussey, who has had much experience in dealing with cases of collisions and casualties on the Great North Road.

It is his experience that the fines inflicted on drivers or owners, or even the suspension of their licences, make little impression on the ever-growing number of accidents. These penalties are not enough to make the careless driver pause. They do not slow him down.

But if his motor-car were fined instead of himself, if a motor-car which had been involved in an accident were forbidden to speed any more *because its licence was suspended*, a different tale would be told.

A Salutary Alternative

A motor-car that cannot run can certainly not cause accidents. Its owner must buy another car, or another omnibus, or another charabanc, motor-lorry, commercial vehicle, or motorcycle. Some would be able to afford to do this; others would have to stay at home or would learn how the pedestrian feels about it.

To a pedestrian, no doubt, this attempt to make the punishment fit the crime will appear to be one of the best yet put forward. And to those motor-car owners who, being careful and merciful men themselves, see the rules of the road continually outraged with dire results by the thoughtless, the selfish, the careless, and the imbecile among the multitude of drivers, the suggestion will also appear both good and fair.

A CATHEDRAL OUT AT ELBOWS

Cinderella Among the Churches

Southwark is the Cinderella among the cathedrals of England.

Its bishop has been telling how its beauties are hidden by poverty, though he gallantly declares that it has a building of which any diocese might be proud.

Londoners might perhaps take more notice of this cathedral in their midst, though so few of them ever see it except from the Southern Railway. Inside it has beautiful things, but they have been left in the cold.

It has two historic tombs, for example, one of which is of John Gower the poet and the other of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester when James the First was king. It has also the grave of Shakespeare's brother. But poet and bishop have been so long forgotten that their tombs have fallen into decay, the carving has been roughly handled, the bright colouring has gone.

The bishop would have them put in order again, and it is good news that two pious benefactors have come forward with donations to beautify them and to restore the cathedral's high altar.

There should be other Londoners to follow their example, for what Southwark Cathedral needs most is not an occasional fairy godmother, but a larger income. At present it cannot even afford a dean.

PRETORIA IS 75

Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, celebrates its 75th birthday this year. It was founded by Marthinus Pretorius, the Boer leader who became the first president of the Transvaal in 1856 and resigned on account of the unpopularity of his conciliatory attitude toward the British diamond-seekers.

ROBOT AT THE BANK

THE MECHANICAL CLERK

Disappearance of the Pass Book of Our Incomes and Spendings

SCHOOLBOY CALIGRAPHY

The Robot idea is spreading. It has passed from the opening and closing of doors, the working of machinery, and the electric signal box, to the bank. Barclays have decided to adopt the Mechanical Clerk.

For the future, at the City branches of our big financial houses, machines will do the work which has hitherto been done with fingers. Machines will calculate our balances, enter them on sheets, and present us with a statement of affairs like a chart which the nurse keeps at the head of a patient's bed, or the abstract of accounts a public company presents before its annual meeting.

A Book of the Dead

The old pass book will go, that little Book of the Dead in which bygone transactions are recorded, which shows on the left hand the amounts we have received and on the opposite pages the sums we have paid. It will be useless for us to groan in future that some blundering clerk has written down credit entries on the debit side and reduced the balance that we fain would see. A soulless, unerring machine will type down the grim story of our pecuniary comings-in and goings-out, and there will be no appeal.

The change will not take effect at once at suburban and provincial branches, and there clients at the bank will still see their most intimate affairs with regard to money set forth in clerkly characters in good blue-black ink.

At the smaller banks and lesser branches banking is begun at a very early age by youths with hopes of a seat at the cashier's desk or even of possession of that little secret chamber in which the manager presides over the affairs of hundreds of families.

Young Rascals of Schoolboys

Not all such aspirants attain their goal, or deserve to do so. A banker of the old school who loves not these new-fangled ideas, but prefers the human element, put the case with a comical quaintness.

"The only advantage I see in these machine-made accounts (he said) is that very often it is impossible to read the entries in the pass books made by these young rascals of schoolboys when they first enter the bank and begin their work."

His client heartily endorsed his condemnation. But what have our schoolmasters been doing in preparing these boys for their posts in the banks?

A SPEED VICTIM

Mr. John Reiner went bathing last September. It was off the English coast, in harmless waters, yet his swim brought him such serious injuries that he was unable to carry on his work as a dispensing optician.

After weeks in hospital and a serious operation Mr. Reiner has been awarded £1860 damages against the authors of his misfortunes. He was run down by a speed boat, and he has just won an action against the owners.

Speed is a joyous thing, but those who want to indulge in it should go far from other people. Let them risk their own lives if they will, but let them leave us ours.

£1860 seems little enough compensation for the swimmer's injuries, and a light fine for selfishness, but we hope it will frighten speed-boat owners enough to make the English seashore safe for paddlers and bathers next summer.

January 25, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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A TINY WORLD ONLY 240 MILES ACROSS

Vesta's Long Journey Round the Sun

NEAR THE EARTH

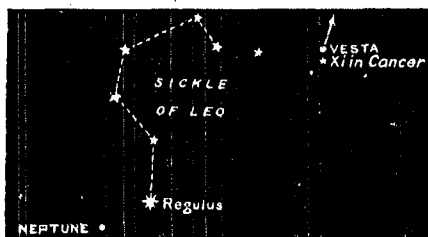
By the O.N. Astronomer

The eastern sky is now of special interest because of the presence of the two strange, far-off worlds of Neptune and Vesta.

These are high up in the south-east between 9 and 10 o'clock, and the locality of each planet may be easily found with the aid of the first-magnitude star Regulus, together with the group of stars forming the famous Sickle of Leo, as shown in our star-map.

Neptune, being of but eighth magnitude, is only just perceptible in very good field-glasses, and will be at his nearest to us in three weeks' time, when he will be again dealt with.

Vesta, being of between sixth and seventh magnitude, is now at its brightest and nearest to the Earth. This little world now appears quite close to the small but easily perceived star Xi in Cancer, as shown in the star-map. It is not actually near it, however,



Where to find Vesta and Neptune

for while the light from the star takes, according to Mount Wilson Observatory measurements, 251 years to reach us, the light from Vesta takes at the present time but 11 minutes.

From this we learn how relatively close Vesta is to us, notwithstanding the fact that this tiny world is about 130 million miles away.

It should be easily distinguished, with the aid of field or good opera glasses, from the few stars that appear as bright in the field of view by noting Vesta's motion among them as it travels northward. Its path for the next four weeks is shown on the star-map by the arrow, and so Vesta's little point of light may be followed from evening to evening and picked up again after the coming period of moonlight, during which Vesta will be imperceptible without telescopic aid.

The diameter of Vesta, according to Barnard, is but 240 miles, so the finding of such a tiny world at such a distance with the glasses becomes something of an achievement; but the night must be dark and clear, with not much artificial illumination about. No wonder it was not discovered until March 28, 1807.

It takes 1326 days, nearly three and three-quarter years, to go round the Sun, so Vesta has a very long year. As our world passes it at intervals of about 16 months, it is then, as on the present occasion, that Vesta is nearest to us.

No Air Nor Water

There are reasons for believing that it rotates on an axis and so enjoys night and day. The surface of the little planet, or planetoid, appears of a singular brightness, almost equalling that of the white cloud-covered Venus. This is exceptional for these planetoids, upward of a thousand of which are known.

We should like to think of Vesta with tiny realms, beneath a Sun which would appear only about one-third the width he appears to us. But, alas! there is no evidence of either air or water, and it seems to be physically impossible for so small a world to have sufficient gravitational pull to hold an atmosphere to itself and prevent its molecules flying off into outer space. Any water would probably have long ages ago frozen into everlasting ice. G. F. M.

NEW ZEALAND'S GIANT TREE

Passing of the Kauri

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

The giant kauri pine, king of all the New Zealand forest trees, is becoming scarcer and scarcer every year.

Before long there will be little left of the wonderful kauri forests which once covered the northern part of the Dominion. A few years more and most of the big kauri trees will be timber.

Fortunately, however, a few sections of kauri forest have been saved from the axe and preserved as parks, so that later generations may see how mighty were these giants of the forest in the days of their greatness.

Big kauri trees reach a height of 150 feet, with straight trunks like massive pillars. The first branches drop off as the tree grows, until in the largest of them there is a clear trunk for 80 feet from the ground, which is just what timber men want. It is said more timber can be cut from a giant kauri than from any other kind of large tree.

Havoc of Axe and Saw

It is this fact that has been the downfall of New Zealand's kauri. Its timber is remarkable for its strength and the ease with which it can be worked by carpenters, so axe and saw have been laid at the base of nearly all the largest trees. Bushmen are now cutting down the giants in the last remaining area of kauri forest. Soon the timber world will have no more kauri boards, and, as the tree takes centuries to grow, there will never be any more mighty kauri forests to take the place of those which Nature planted.

For some strange reason the kauri is found only north of latitude 39 in the very north of New Zealand. The resin from the tree is known as kauri gum, and is dug up on the sites of old forests where the trees have decayed and been covered with soil.

No one will ever be able to replace the kauri forests of New Zealand. They were slowly growing when the Conqueror, Henry the Fifth, and Francis Drake were writing their names in history and they played their part also in the settlement of New Zealand. Long ago, before Englishmen went to live there, ships of traders and the Admiralty came to the bays where the trees grew to get kauri spars, which could be obtained easily in long, straight lengths.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Does the Mole Eat Bulbs and Roots?

The mole eats no vegetable food, but lives on worms, wireworms, mice, shrews, small reptiles, and frogs.

How Did Ammonia Get Its Name?

From a region of Libya near the shrine of Jupiter Ammon, where the salt is said to have been first obtained.

What is the Celestial Sphere?

The spherical surface, supposed to be infinite, on which the stars, planets, and other heavenly bodies seem to lie.

Why Was Iraq So Called?

This was the ancient name of a tract of land roughly corresponding to the country called Iraq today.

What is T.N.T.?

These letters are an abbreviation of the name tri-nitro-toluene, a powerful explosive consisting of a chemical combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen.

At What Speeds do the Planets Travel Round the Sun?

The speeds vary. These are the figures in miles per second: Mercury 29, Venus 21.7, Earth 18, Mars 14.9, Jupiter 8, Saturn 6.2, Uranus 4.3, Neptune 3.1.

What is the Difference Between a Cyclone and an Anticyclone?

A cyclone, or depression, is a region of low barometric pressure. An anticyclone is a region in which the pressure is high relative to its surroundings.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Drake of Devon

On January 28, 1596, died Sir Francis Drake

Sir Francis Drake was the most typical adventurous Englishman in the age when England first claimed a place on the oceans of the world.

The spirit of daring never burned more clearly in any man. He was the greatest hero of his generation.

Francis Drake was a man of good family, born somewhere between 1539 and 1545 near Tavistock, Devon. His father left Devonshire for Kent and became a vicar, but young Francis was apprenticed to seafaring, and early crossed the ocean to Central America, then known as the Spanish Main. In 1567 he went there again in command of a little ship called the Judith, with other English ships. These ships were attacked by the Spaniards and only two escaped. One of them was the Judith. Drake claimed compensation which the Spaniards would not give, and ever afterwards he regarded them as his enemies whom he had a right to attack and take compensation from.



Sir Francis Drake

In 1570 with two ships, the Dragon and the Swan, and in 1571 with the Swan alone, Drake went across the Atlantic to gain information, and then, in 1572, made use of his information by crossing with two little ships, the Pasha and the Swan, and 73 men to attack the Spanish treasure town of Nombre de Dios.

By a bold, sudden attack he captured the town, but he was severely wounded and fainted with loss of blood just as he had reached the treasure house packed with gold and silver, whereupon his men carried him back to the ship and left the treasure intact. The Spaniards were too strong for a second attack, but after Drake had recovered he captured various ships, burned Porto Bello, seized a convoy of silver ashore, and returned with riches enough to win the smiles of Queen Elizabeth.

A Secret Venture

After service in Ireland, under the Earl of Essex, Drake in 1577, with five ships, the largest of which, the Pelican, was only 100 tons, set sail for a secret venture. The first destination was South America. A Portuguese ship was captured and its pilot taken on Drake's ship. The Portuguese ship and two of the smaller English ships were broken up, and with the other three Drake headed for the Pacific by way of the Strait of Magellan. But a storm scattered his ships; one sank, another returned to England, and only Drake, in the Pelican, now renamed the Golden Hind, reached the Pacific.

There he coasted northward as far as the present San Francisco, capturing ships and towns till he had a shipload of treasure. On July 23, 1579, Drake turned across the vast Pacific, and on October 21 reached the East Indies. After great perils from threatened shipwreck the Cape of Good Hope was passed on June 15, 1580, and England reached on September 26. He had been round the world, and Queen Elizabeth visited him and knighted him on his little ship.

The Spanish Armada

Drake was now famous throughout the world. When invasion by the Spanish Armada threatened, Drake's advice was to attack the Spanish ports where the ships were being built, and he sailed to do it, but was recalled by Queen Elizabeth. Before the order reached him he had attacked Cadiz, sunk or burned 33 ships, and captured four. During the attack by the Armada he was foremost in the fighting and pursuit. In 1595 he was sent on his last expedition to the West Indies to harass the Spaniards there; but was repulsed. Drake, ill and disappointed, died in the bay of Nombre de Dios, and was buried at sea in a leaden coffin.



The Health of School Children in February

FEBRUARY is the shortest month of the year, but it usually shows the longest list of illness amongst children. In February vitality derived from the sunshine of the previous summer is almost at its lowest, and children fall easy victims to the inclement weather and the infection to which they are subjected.

In February, therefore, parents must watch their children's diet, since the providing of adequate nourishment is the only means of building up and maintaining that degree of health which can combat the adverse conditions of the month. At this time "Ovaltine" can be an invaluable part of a child's diet. It supplies just that nourishment which the usual dietary lacks, and which is so necessary to the growing child.

"Ovaltine" is made from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs, and is recognised by eminent authorities all over the world as the food beverage which contains all the vital nutritive elements of a complete and perfect food, and also all the essential vitamins in correct ratio.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and
Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.523

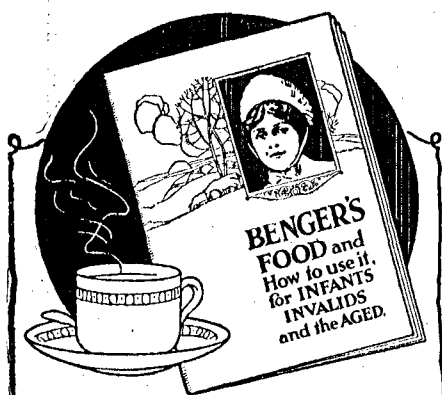


All mothers should know this.

Mrs. W. Gaymer, Stanley Villa, 2 Herrett Street, Aldershot, Hants, writes:—"I have been using California Syrup of Figs for seven years for my children when they were irregular in their habits. I find a teaspoonful at night never fails to have the desired effect, and to cleanse the stomach and give the children a sharp appetite. I would never be without it in the house, as I say that California Syrup of Figs is one of the finest things ever invented and prepared for all children who suffer in this way. My children enjoy it, and will not take anything else."

MOTHER! Many a child has been stunted physically and mentally by forming irregular habits during the vital time of growth. A child needs watching, and the moment you find the daily action missing give "California Syrup of Figs" until regularity is restored. That is one of the advantages of this gentle, pleasant laxative: it never weakens, never gripes, never makes things worse, but encourages regular habits.

Get a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs" to-day. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.



Post free

This booklet is a little work of authority. It contains a concise guide to the rearing of infants, dainty invalid recipes which relieve the monotony of plain milk diet for invalids and the aged, and much other valuable information.

A copy will be sent post free on request to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.



Regd. TRADE MARK.
Sole Manufacturers:
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., MANCHESTER, England.

CINDERELLA GROWS RICH

Mrs. Sabin Joins the Millionaires

Mrs. Sabin has just joined the ranks of the New York millionaires; she is a millionaire in her own right.

For seventeen years she made the beds and polished the floors of a New York mansion as the Czech maidservant who had come, as Anna Maria Schleis, an immigrant from Bohemia, to find, if not a fortune or a fairy prince, at any rate a living in the New World.

Years rolled by, and Cinderella polished the floors faithfully, but she only caught glimpses of the prince when her brother (who was butler) allowed her to peep through the door of the dining-room when the wealthy Mr. Frank Sabin, who owned it, gave a dinner party.

She was becoming a middle-aged woman, and at 45 she might well have given up all dreams of romance, when one day the prince came.

He had, in fact, been there as long as she had, and he must often have seen her without recognising her glass slipper. He was, in fact, Mr. Sabin himself.

Romance had almost passed him by too, for he was by now an elderly gentleman. But better late than never. He married Cinderella three years ago and has now left her one of the wealthiest widows in New York. Her butler is to be pensioned!

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Stop Me and Buy One

Many people knew of old Mr. Thomas Wall without knowing anything about him. He was the man behind the little ice-cream cart which tells us to *Stop Me and Buy One*.

Thousands ate his sausages and stopped his tricycles to sample his ice-cream without ever imagining what the generous old gentleman was like who supplied them.

Who would have thought that his ice-cream bricks were an idea of his to find work for the sausage-makers when business was slack in the summer-time? And who realised that he used the money he made to build schools and buy playing fields?

He helped nearly every movement for education, the Adult School Movement, the Working Women's College at Surbiton, the Browning Settlement, and the School Journey Association.

To these he was an unostentatious and continual benefactor. But his chief monument was the foundation and endowment of the Thomas Wall Trust. There are 200 students at the universities who are today being helped by old Mr. Wall through this trust.

Not money only, but help and kindness and his own wisdom he gave, and those who knew him say that this shrewd and kindly gentleman to the end of his long life kept the heart of a child.

A BEN NEVIS MONUMENT

When the loch waters rushed at last the other day along the tunnel driven through Ben Nevis the engineer who had planned the scheme was not there to see the crowning act of his great and wonderful design.

He was Charles Godfrey Jameson, a nephew of the Dr. Jameson who was the friend of Cecil Rhodes; and he had put his whole heart, in more than one way, into the work which, when completed, will be the greatest hydro-electric enterprise in the kingdom.

On Christmas Eve, the day when he should have stood by the side of the waters, he passed over the dark river of life and death.

The Ben Nevis works will be the monument to a great engineer who spared not himself.

BELLS OF PEACE

A Carillon for Hyde Park

Three times a day a carillon of bells plays a delightful tune from a tower in Hyde Park near the bandstand.

People gather delightedly to listen, but soon they will be able to listen no more, for the carillon is going to New Zealand. Some day perhaps we may hear it over the wireless.

But why should London wait? The bells are going to New Zealand for a War Memorial. London has plenty of these sad but glorious monuments. Why should she not have a carillon of her own as a Peace Memorial?

Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, who has already declared for sunshine in the Park, favours the idea. Sunshine and music we cannot have too much of, and anything which symbolises Peace is best of all.

The carillon might every day ring out the old, ring in the new, and, without compelling us to wait for the New Zealand wireless, might dispatch its message all over the Empire as regularly as Big Ben.

AN ILL WIND AT DAWLISH

A Hanging Railway

Dawlish on the Devon coast, battered by the winter gales, may yet find comfort in thinking that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

For six weeks without ceasing the tempestuous seas flung themselves tide after tide against the banking of granite blocks which protects and supports the Great Western Railway line where it passes on from Dawlish to Plymouth.

Passengers by the expresses have often had their eyes gladdened by the sight of the sea coming up almost to the carriage windows when the train passed the red cliffs of Dawlish; but these picturesque breakers turned themselves this winter into rail breakers.

The banking was undermined and collapsed, the ballast underneath was scoured out, and fifty feet of line was left hanging in the air over a 25-foot chasm.

It became impossible for trains to pass that way either to Torquay or to Plymouth, and they had to be diverted over a more northerly route. But the damage to the permanent way was so serious that the railway company had to consider, with a view to future possibilities, whether the line had not better be diverted away from the shore, behind Dawlish.

If that were done Dawlish's sea front would be both extended and improved.

DRINK AND THE CAR

Denmark Experiments

The Danish police having noticed that most motor-car accidents are caused by Drink the City Council of Copenhagen has decided to experiment as to the effects of varying quantities of alcohol on the driver's sight, intelligence, control of muscles, and judgment.

Two hundred men are to be subjected to various tests before and after having taken a given quantity of beer and spirits. The experiments in the dose of alcohol will take place during the eating of a moderate meal.

AFRICA'S VISITOR

When the Prince of Wales left England for his holiday he could not leave its gales behind him. They pursued him through the Bay of Biscay.

Perhaps squalls are the proper weather for a sailor Prince; but, whatever the barometer stood at when he left these shores, everyone will hope it may register set fair for him in Africa.

It is to be hoped that in the course of the next month or two he will be bringing some sunshine back with him.

ULYSSES

THE TIME HE CAME HOME

The Curious Way in Which We Know It

SEARCH FOR HIS PALACE

It is with a heavy heart that lovers of beautiful storied things learn that the famous Lansdowne sculptures, so long the glory of Lansdowne House, London, are to be sold.

During the first week in March the highest bidder from any part of the world may carry off treasures from ancient Greece which were brought to England by the first Marquess of Lansdowne 140 years ago.

Many of them were carved by Greek sculptors and were part of the artistic pride of Greece in her heyday. They passed on to conquering Rome and lay there, after the triumph of barbarism, lost for over 15 centuries, when they began another voyage, to the successor of Greece and Rome—to England.

Following in Our Footsteps

The wheel has turned again; the course of wealth has taken another Westward step, and many of the treasures may cross the Atlantic, where rich men are collecting beauties of the great past as we collected them in our richer days. We bought what we could not create; America is now following in our footsteps.

One of the pieces in the collection has a special interest. It is a beautiful marble representation of blind Homer, the Father of Poetry.

It is a coincidence that at about the time Homer's marble portrait comes up for sale Sir Rennell Rodd and a party of digging scholars will be at work in Ithaca, seeking the house of Ulysses. Sir Rennell has seen other learned men engaged on the same quest in the island; he believes that they have dug on the wrong side of the classic isle, and hopes this spring to bring to light the foundations of the old royal palace which has been pictured so long in the imagination of millions of readers.

Was there ever a Ulysses, then? The story of his adventures has a sort of counterpart in the legends of Gacks, Aztecs, Hindus, Tartars, South Sea Islanders, Finns, Russians, Scandinavians, and even Eskimos. But in Homer it is a marvellous harmony of plot and counterplot, matchless in the world's early literature, with a great air of probability once the part of the supposed gods and goddesses is discounted.

The Eclipse

Science has come to the aid of Ulysses. The Ithacan king, as he at last reaches home, is met by an eclipse of the Sun, which a goddess interprets to him as foreboding the destruction of the suitors who had persecuted Penelope and devoured the possessions of her lord.

Now, Troy is supposed to have fallen in about the year 1200 B.C., so, as Ulysses was ten years in returning home, the date of his arrival would seem to be about 1190 B.C. Astronomers have discovered that there actually was an eclipse of the Sun, visible from Ithaca, in 1178 B.C., only 12 years from the supposed date of the return of the hero!

The date has been worked out exactly to April 10, 1178 B.C., at 11.41 in the morning, and it may happen that Sir Rennell Rodd may bring to light the home of Ulysses about the time of the anniversary of his arrival there.

A bronze statue by a native of Kew has been set up in the Gardens there.

The Editor thanks S. Barker for the two gifts sent at Christmas time. These were passed on where they were received with delight.

THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 35 Sword and Sheath

MR. SCHARNER straightened his narrow shoulders, and, returning to the window and placing his back to it, stood studying the nails of his right hand as though he were consulting them. For a few moments, while the other two watched him, he stood thus, and then, raising his eyes to their faces, he gave a short sigh.

"You see me deliberating," he explained; "you see me in two minds, Major Ferne, whether or no to put up with this any longer. With every word you utter you are insulting me. Of the incidents, as you term them, of the night which we speak of I know no more than you do, and probably less. So there is your answer, and now we will unlock the door, please." With which he motioned to Peter to bring him the key.

Peter looked inquiringly at his ally, who replied with a shake of the head and, wheeling his chair, brought it full between the door and the window. Mr. Scharner's breath came faster as he observed this; he pushed one hand across his forehead again and passed it through his hair, but made no other movement. The sun which had flooded the room when Major Chris entered had gone behind a cloud. In the silence which followed the distant purr of a lawn-mower came through the window. And then the sound of a voice singing, Charity's voice.

Peter went to the window and closed it, brushing past Scharner. A moment ago some compunction for Scharner had taken him; the spectacle of this man browbeaten and harassed had stirred him uncomfortably, but all this went now. The sound of Charity's voice drove his whole mind to her. If this man were a traitor, and if his designs so much as threatened one hair of Charity's head, then there should be no pity for him nor mercy, nor must any feeling of pity stand as his shield until the man had acquitted himself of suspicions.

So Peter's thoughts hardened, and his face grew harder as he looked at Major Chris with a look which urged "Press him! Drag it out of him? Oh, drag out the truth!"

The lawn-mower ceased, the singing receded and died, the silence in the room seemed the silence of hours.

Yet actually it was only a couple of minutes from the moment that Major Chris had moved back his chair to the moment that he addressed Mr. Scharner again. Then he said, with an obvious smack of distaste in his voice, "You must not suppose that I am enjoying all this, Scharner. And I'm sure Peter isn't. But we've all three got to go through with it. I have been considering your last explanation, and now we'll pass on."

"Is there more?" Mr. Scharner said. "A little more, yes. Oh, I can't unlock the door yet. There is the matter of that sword, Scharner?"

"What sword?" muttered Mr. Scharner, moving uneasily.

"Peter found a sword in a chest, you remember? You were very anxious that he should show it to you. Why?"

"And naturally! And naturally!" smiled Mr. Scharner. He had recovered himself. His eyes and breathing were steady. "Why?"

"Why what?" stared Scharner.

"Why naturally? What should make you so anxious to see it? And why did you question Peter about the sheath?" On the last two words Major Chris raised his voice and watched keenly.

"The sheath? Did I happen to ask you about the sheath, Peter?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, wincing. "You asked if the sword had a sheath?"

Mr. Scharner tossed back his head. "But what nonsense!" he laughed. "Is there anything out of the way in mentioning a sheath! Sword and sheath—the two join themselves together in everyone's mind. Oh, be reasonable, Major Ferne. If you were to say to me 'I've found a sword, Mr. Scharner, and I were to answer, 'Oh, have you! Was it in a sheath?', does that stamp me as a terrible character? Come, come! You're all on edge, Major Ferne. This is puerile."

"Perhaps," uttered Major Chris, and his tone revealed nothing. "Is it puerile to inquire why you asked if the sword had a sword-knot?"

"Yes, equally puerile; if you want my opinion."

"I do want it, Scharner," Major Chris went on evenly. "I want your opinion on this next. When you inquired whether it was a coloured sword-knot or a ribbon, for what reason did you harp so upon the three

colours? You pressed Peter, didn't you? to describe them. You asked if he'd dreamed them. You named them. Now—your opinion, please?"

Mr. Scharner's face was a mask. "On what?" he insisted.

"Your opinion as to whether you acted suspiciously?"

"But how? But in what way?" snapped Scharner.

"What did you know of the ribbon upon the sword? Peter had never mentioned the ribbon to you!"

"But Charity had. Or Colonel Grevel, I forget which. I remember it was spoken of on the evening they found it."

"Before yourself? In your presence, I mean?"

"And why not? Why such a fuss? You distract me!" growled Scharner.

Peter thought for an instant that Major Chris would say more, and extract from Scharner if he knew of the seven Swords-men. But then he sensed that Major Chris could not do this, because if their suspicions of Scharner were ungrounded any allusion to that chapter in Colonel Grevel's life would betray, or come near to betraying, the Colonel's secret. So Peter perceived that Major Chris was to this extent handicapped and stopped from driving his questions home to the hilt.

CHAPTER 36 More or Less?

NOR was the hesitation of his antagonist (for as such, one supposes, the tutor now held Major Chris) lost upon that frowning man in the window. He strode to the side of the chair.

"I think," he pronounced, "we have finished. I hope I've convinced you."

"Do you," was all Major Chris rejoined, "know Mr. Tilly?"

"In Market Torridge? The bookseller? Of course I do."

"When you go after butterflies are you hunting them, Scharner?"

Mr. Scharner lifted his eyebrows almost imperceptibly.

"Should I bother myself if I were not?"

"Or are butterflies an excuse, Scharner? A handy cloak?"

"And for what, pray?" Mr. Scharner demanded.

"You know better than I do. I want to know. Say, a useful excuse for getting to yourself on the moor. For meeting friends on the moor, say? Eh, Mr. Scharner?"

"Now you've got me befogged, Major Ferne."

"Why borrow a butterfly net with a lot of parade, set out for them, and as soon as you're out of sight slip into Market Torridge where you—er—pry through windows?" Disgust was struggling with faintness in the tiring tones.

"By which I assume you allude to the day I found Peter there," Mr. Scharner replied with considerable hauteur. "The butterflies were too quick for me. I gave them up. And discovering, to my surprise, that one could intercept the bus to Market Torridge, I went there instead. Though I have yet to learn that I am accountable to you for my actions."

"Yes, you may have to learn that yet, I agree," was the answer. "So you were not prying on Peter? You were not, say, trailing him?"

"Major Ferne, I'm a bookworm. Books are my passion. I never pass a bookseller's shop without searching its window."

"And that was all?"

"And that was all," affirmed Scharner.

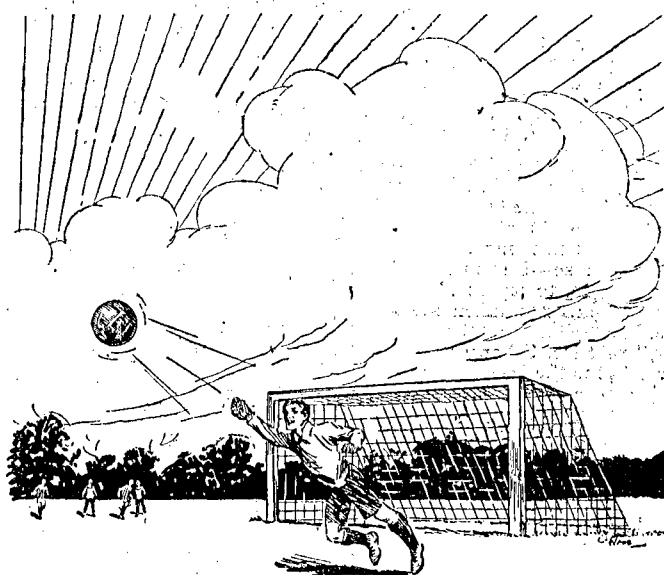
There was another space of strained apprehensive silence while Major Chris cogitated Scharner's replies, till at last, with a gesture to Peter, he wheeled himself forward. "Mr. Scharner," he spoke, "you can have the key when you like, and I am sorry if I have treated you rather brusquely."

A little gleam flickered in the other man's eyes for an instant; then he seemed to waver as though he would stand on his dignity. But slowly the expression on his face changed and slowly he approached the chair before answering.

"Major Ferne," he uttered in a low, thoughtful tone, "I have every right to feel considerably offended. I might tell Colonel Grevel how you have treated me; I had a mind to; but you have apologised, so that is the end of it. And I shall not hold this extraordinary behaviour against Peter because I realise that he has only done what you told him."

He bowed gravely and was going out of the room, for Peter had already unlocked

Continued on the next page



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the door, when he stopped, stood thinking an instant, then turned and came back.

"On reflection, Major Ferne," he observed, "you owe me something and I am going to ask you to pay it. You owe it to me to take me into your confidence. Come! Won't you tell me of what you are so apprehensive?"

"I'm afraid I can't," Major Chris answered, shaking his head.

"But is it something definite, or something vague? You see," Mr. Scharner smiled gently, "I should like to enlist under you. If any danger is threatening Colonel Grevel—and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that you think so—I should like to help you, Major Ferne, to repel it."

Colonel Grevel has not taken me into his confidence."

"So I infer," said Mr. Scharner at once. "But Charity told me the legend about the falcon and I've seen how distressed her mother has grown in consequence. Those dogs too! And poor Odin! As I confided to you, the anxiety in this house has never been lost on me, so much so that I've wondered whether it is not my duty to remove Peter. I am responsible for Peter. But where can I take him?"

"He'll do all right where he is," remarked Major Chris dryly. "I am not alarmed for your pupil but for Colonel Grevel."

"But may I ask, Major Ferne, without giving offence, why you are interposing in the Colonel's affairs seeing that he is excluding you from his confidence?" A harder note had crept into Scharner's smooth tones.

Perhaps Major Chris resented it. For when he replied his voice had a tang which Peter had not heard before. "Because," he replied, and his piercing eyes bored into Scharner's, "because, Mr. Scharner, Colonel Grevel has been the best friend to me that a broken man ever found. I had no claim upon him; there was no tie between us except service in the same regiment, yet he sought me out after the war, crippled as you see, without friends, without relatives, and has given me a home. I should be a poor wretch indeed, a poorer thing than I am even—that wistful smile broke the deep lines on the worn face—" if I were to allow a silly sense of pride, Mr. Scharner, to stand between me and anything I can do for Colonel Grevel. What if he has not taken me into his confidence? I can respect this secret and try to serve him at the same time—"

Continued in the last column

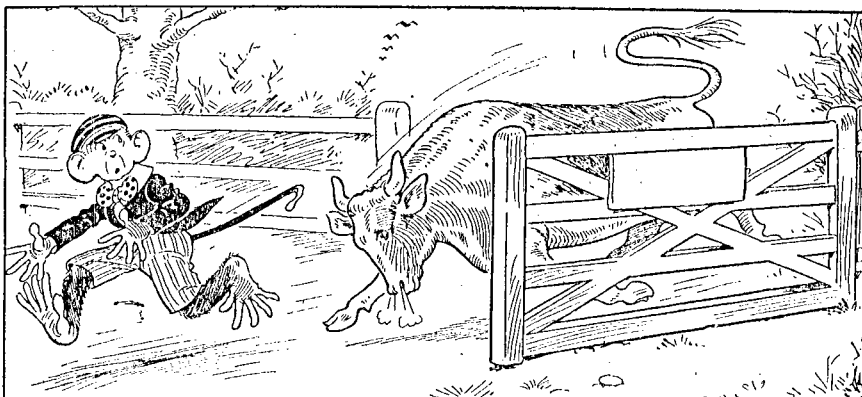
JACKO GETS A FRIGHT

WHEN his mother said to Jacko one morning, "I want you to run over to the farm, dear, to fetch me some butter," Jacko was off like a flash, for it was an errand he rather liked.

The farm was full of interest for him, and, once there, he usually stayed till he was chased out. (They weren't at all pleased to see him, for they never knew what mischief he would get up to.)

denly appearing at the kitchen door. "What are you doing? Something you shouldn't, I'll be bound." And away she went to the wood-shed.

Through the kitchen door Jacko could see a big open flour bin. He leaned over, snatched up one of the little pigs, dashed across the yard, and dropped it into the flour bin. Then out he flew again and waited to see the fun.



Jacko gave one terrified look and ran for his life

"Morning, Farmer," he said pleasantly as he strolled into the yard.

"What do you want?" inquired Farmer Giles, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Two pounds of butter, please," Jacko told him.

"Then you'll find 'em in the dairy," said the farmer, and he watched him till he disappeared round the big barn.

At the other side of the barn was the pigsty, and in it that day was a litter of seven young porkers. They were coal black and as frisky as kittens.

Jacko, thoroughly interested, hung over the gate and watched them.

"Now then!" called out Cook, sud-

Back came Cook—and went straight to the bin. With a loud squeal, a great white ball flew up in her face, and made a mad rush for the door, scattering the flour right and left.

Cook screamed and threw up her arms. Suddenly she caught sight of Jacko swinging on the gate, holding his sides with laughter.

"Wait till I catch you!" she began, and stopped—"Look out!" she shrieked, "the bull's after you!"

Jacko turned, gave one terrified look, and ran for his life.

His poor mother got no butter that day! Jacko's motto was Safety First.

"Did you say serve or save?" Mr. Scharner put in. "Major Ferne, I beg you to be quite open with me, by telling me frankly what you're afraid of?"

But Major Chris said nothing. He lay back exhausted. Presently he signed to Peter, who wheeled him away.

Peter slept badly that night. He had written up his diary, and, his brain being so active, he got up soon after midnight and lighted a candle to read through what he had written. He was wondering if it expressed the condition of mind in which the scene with Mr. Scharner had left him? He was wondering if he had neglected any salient point, or anything which would help to dissolve his perplexity. For the truth is he was still perplexed about Scharner.

I think (he had written) Major Chris himself isn't sure either. He told me afterwards that Scharner had more or less cleared himself, but what did he mean by "or less" if he was quite satisfied? Scharner was sometimes convincing, and sometimes he wasn't; at any rate, that was my impression.

Peter raised his eyes from the diary to question himself. Was that quite exact, or had his impression been more definitely unfavourable to Scharner?

I wish (he added in a note at the side) that Mr. Scharner had mentioned the scene to me afterwards. He had more than one opportunity, but he said nothing; it might never have happened so far as his attitude to me went. He was just the same to me as he's always been. If I'd been in his shoes and he had come unjustly accusing me of something horrid, I guess I should have smarted and let him see it. To be so sort of forgiving isn't quite natural; it isn't human nature. At least, I think so.

Then he put the book away, but, feeling too wide awake still, he went to the window and pressed his forehead against the cool glass while he looked out into the pale moonlight slanting the drive. And as he looked a dark shape moved from the shrubs and crossed the drive noiselessly with a lithe, padded tread, and although he knew it at once as that of one of the dogs, his breath came more quickly for all that this grim watch suggested.

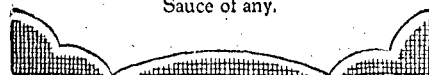
Presently the second hound followed the other. They made no sound as they vanished into the night.

TO BE CONTINUED



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his
crown
And Jill came tumbling after
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did trot
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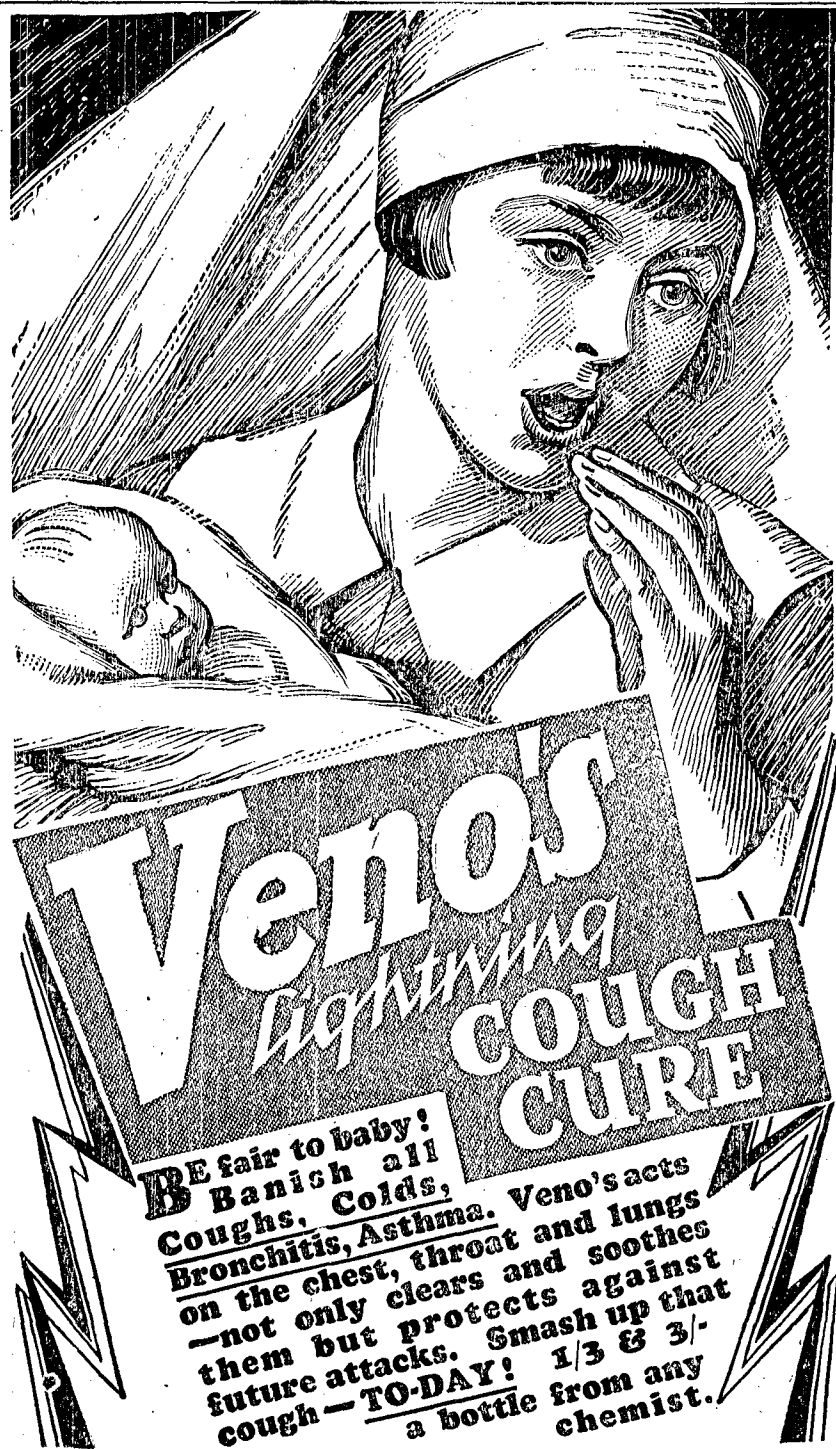
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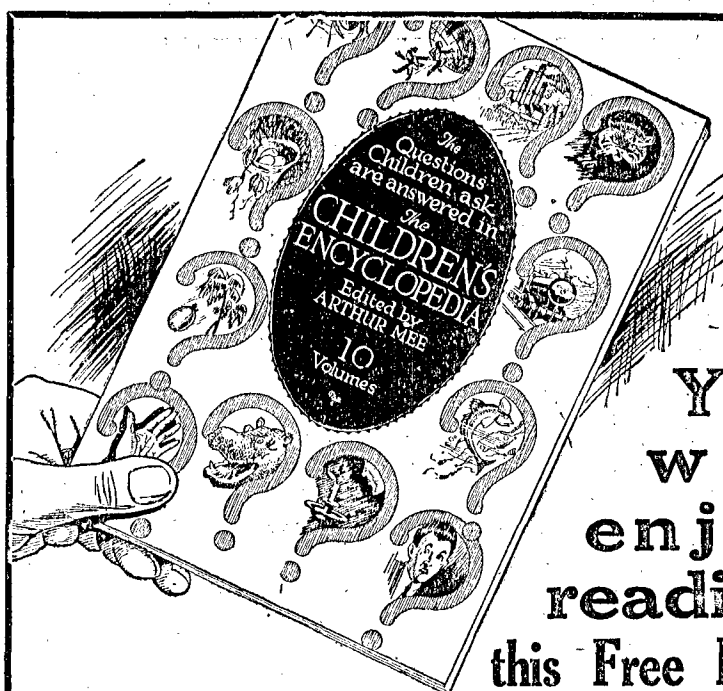
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Saving Sixpence

EACH of five boys saved sixpence. To make up his sixpence each boy found that he had ten coins; but every boy's collection was different from the others. For example, one boy had two pennies and eight half-pennies. No other boy's ten coins were made up in this way, and no two boys were alike.

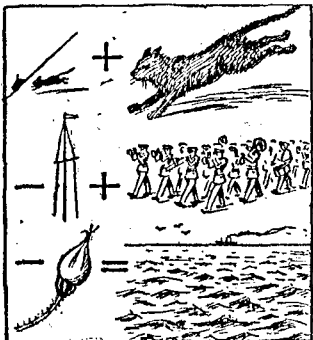
What coins had the other four boys saved?

Answer next week

Is Your Name Ackroyd?

ROYD is an old word meaning a clearing in a wood and Ac is an old form of oak. Ackroyd, therefore, means a clearing in an oak wood, and it is certain that some ancestor of the Ackroyds of today lived in such a place and was known to his neighbours as John or William of the Ackroyd, and later as John Ackroyd.

Word Sum



When the letters of the words represented here have been added and subtracted the remaining letters, arranged in the right order, will spell the word shown by the last picture.

Answer next week

Mary's Little Fad

MARY had a little fad, A splendid one I trow, For everywhere that Mary went No litter would she throw.

And as they went to school each day

It made the children titter To see her stop upon the road To pick up someone's litter.

"Oh, why does Mary bother so?" The children all did cry. She tries to make a cleaner world, And so might you and I.

A Word Square

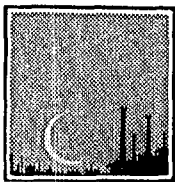
THE following definitions indicate four words which, when placed one below the other, form a square of words.

Scarce. English river. Path. Terminates.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South, Uranus is in the South-West, and Neptune is in the South-East. In the morning Saturn is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on January 27.



The Words We Speak and How They Came

Villain. A villain is now a scoundrel, but a thousand years ago he was simply a farm servant or peasant.

When the Normans came they oppressed the Saxon labourers, and oppression brutalised the workers and made them not only rough and coarse, but ready to commit crimes. As a result, the word villain came to have the meaning that it has kept to this day.

Heads and Tails

I AM a word of six letters meaning a hole in the ground made by an explosion. Curtail me and I am a large box; next behead me and I am a speed; again curtail me and I am a rodent; behead me once more and I am a preposition.

Answer next week

The Biggest Tree

THE biggest tree in the world is the Sequoia, or Big Tree of California. It grows in the mountain valleys at elevations of 4500 feet or more above sea-level, and sometimes attains a height of over 300 feet, with a circumference at the base of the trunk of 100 feet. It lives for centuries.

Ici On Parle Français



Un balcon Un babouin Un ballon
Elle prend le frais sur le balcon. Les babouins sont des singes. Nous jouerons avec un ballon neuf.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

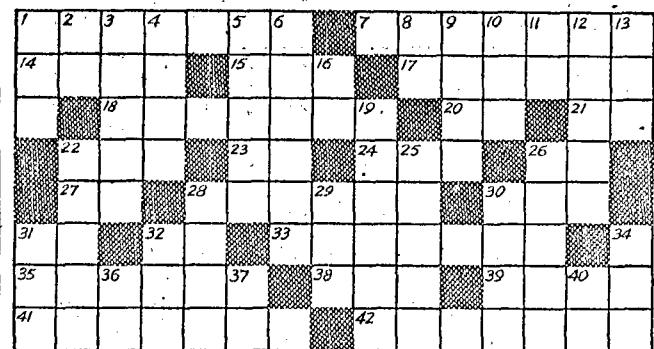
The Cook's Problem. Equally Divided Eggs. Milk. Icing. 17. Lard. Yeast. Raisins. Onions. Bread. Entree. Rice. Treacle. Instrument. Sugar. Emily Roberts

Diagonal Acrostic
Knuckles
pArticle
penitent
smuGled
prePARED
deferRED
decisiON
waterloo

Step Words
A
AT
RAT
TARE
CRATE
CREATE
CREATED
DECANTER

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Water sports. 7. Anchor. 14. Above. 15. Do wrong. 17. From point to point. 18. Declares. 20. Railway*. 21. Territorial Officer's Decoration*. 22. Poem. 23. Myself. 24. Anger. 26. Act. 27. Roman coin. 28. Trial. 30. Highest point. 31. Preposition. 32. Paid*. 33. Holiday-maker. 35. Disclose. 38. Compass point*. 39. Frost. 41. Settles in tents. 47. Looked.

Reading Down. 1. Rodent. 2. French for and. 3. Drives. 4. Recess in a church. 5. Swarms. 6. Apprehend. 8. Royal Academician*. 9. Town in Palestine. 10. Peep. 11. Negative. 12. Prevent. 13. Money*. 16. Right*. 19. Covering with a sort of glaze. 22. Made of oats. 25. Repulse. 26. Greek dialect. 28. First man. 29. Rage. 30. Sea bird. 31. Part of the verb to be. 32. Vegetable. 34. Supplied with food. 36. Victoria Cross*. 37. Lord Provost*. 40. Personal pronoun.

Dr MERRYMAN

Ignored Advice

THE BORE: My father used to give me this advice: "Always think before you speak."
His Friend: But didn't he want you to talk at all?

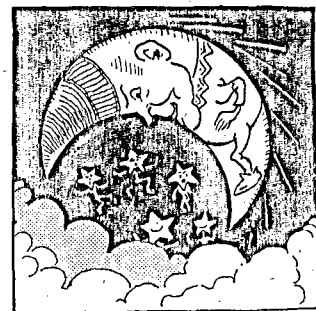
He Knew Father

JIMMIE was struggling with his homework.
"Can I help you, old chap?" queried Father.
"No, thank you, Dad," was the reply. "I'd sooner get it wrong unaided."

Polished

MRS. BROWN: Don't you think our minister preaches polished sermons?
Mr. Brown: Yes, I must say I like the finish to them.

Do-You Believe It?



UPON any fine night, when we're warm in our beds, Some on feathers and others on springs, I believe (do not you?) that the jolly old Moon Does some utterly wonderful things.

For example, I'm certain as certain can be That he startles the stars in a group By performing quite neatly that difficult trick Which the airmen call looping the loop!

What Did She Mean?

THE autocratic-looking lady of the manor was visiting the new tenants.

The five-year-old son of the house viewed the visitor with considerable interest and then, in a friendly tone, said: "Aren't you a funny-looking lady?"

The mother hastened to reprove him.

"But I only meant it as a joke, Mummie," pleaded the boy.

"Well, it would have been a much better joke if you had said, 'What a pretty lady,'" said Mother.

WHO WAS SHE?

SHE was a Hampshire lady, born there, and living there nearly all her life.

Her father was born rich, but by the time she was ten years old he had become poor by gambling his money away, yet she and her mother went on thinking him one of the most delightful of men.

Then a curious thing happened. One of his gambling attempts prospered. He spent money he could not afford in buying lottery tickets, and he bought one for his little daughter. He let her choose the number, and she chose 2224, because, added up, the figures made 10, which was her age. The ticket won £20,000, so they were well off again.

The money helped her to go to a good school and have

a sound education; but by the time she came home from school her father had gambled most of the money away.

From her earliest years she had loved reading. She could read when she was three, and soon she began to write, chiefly poems. She wanted very much to be a poet. But poetry earns little money as a rule, and though she wrote four or five books of poems in four or five years that did not help the household much.

So she tried writing plays. That was better. She had fair success as a dramatist because she was a very charming young lady whose talk everyone admired, and she knew some great actors—Macready and Kemble—who

THE LADY WHO MADE A VILLAGE

acted in her tragedies and attracted playgoers. But her plays are not now acted, and what she made out of them was soon spent by her extravagant father.

They lived in a very tiny cottage in the country, and she once told a friend she had not bought a bonnet or a gown for four years, yet she was quite a famous woman, and knew many famous people. But it was not her poems or her plays that chiefly made her popular, or brought in the money which supported the household so frugally. What she was known by was her writing of descriptive sketches of village life. She told in a clever way, kindly and humorously, how people in a village live, and

it was all so true that everyone admired it.

After her father died his many debts were paid by his daughter's admiring readers, and through the remaining 15 years of her life she was comfortably off.

She continued writing very charmingly, one book being her Recollections.

Her writing gave a great impulse to writing about the simple lives of ordinary people, and we may still read her sketches under the title Our Village. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

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